

TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 23, 1952

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

CUBA'S BATISTA

He got past democracy's sentries.

Parker Spring Gift Showing!

To help solve your gift problems, Parker dealers offer a special pen showing. At the price you prefer, you'll find a Parker Pen to speak your good wishes with sincerity.

- Gift occasions will keep popping up all through the weeks ahead. But this year it's more simple than ever to choose bright, welcome gifts.

The *Parker Spring Gift Showing*, featured by Parker dealers everywhere, places before you an unusually fine array of New Parker writing instruments. Each one reflects the distinctive styling, the traditional craftsmanship and value which set Parker Pens apart from all others.

Whether you seek to please a man or a woman . . . to congratulate, reward, or honor . . . Parker can be trusted to say all that you feel. There are prices to fit all your plans.

Of course, for your very best wishes, give a New Parker "51". Decades ahead in design, it's the world's most-wanted pen. For gifts equal to every occasion, see your Parker dealer now. (*Any* day is the day to send your Serviceman a Parker!) The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A.; Toronto, Canada.



New Parker "51" demisize
New Parker "51" regular size

Parker...PEN NAME
FOR THE PERFECT GIFT

New Parker "51" matched pen and pencil sets come in smart presentation cases.

NEW PARKER "51" . . . world's most-wanted pen. Slim regular size or slimmer, shorter demisize. Gold-filled cap, \$19.75. Set, \$29.75. Lustraloy cap, \$15.00. Set, \$22.50.

NEW PARKER "51" SPECIAL . . . \$12.50. Pen and pencil, \$10.00.

NEW PARKER "21" . . . \$5.75. With matching pencil, \$10.00.

Available in a variety of colors and points to suit any preference. All "51" and "21" Pens "write dry" with Superchrome Ink. No blotter needed. They can use any fountain pen ink.

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Free Your Wife from
Dishpan Drudgery
for less than
10¢ a day!



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AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER



*Saves More Time And Work Than All
Other Kitchen Appliances Combined!*

ADD UP EVERY PENNY—initial cost, electricity, A hot water, everything—and you'll discover that, spreading your investment over the life of the machine, you can own and operate a Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher for less than 10¢ a day more than doing dishes by hand!

• **And just think** how much work it will save your wife! She need merely turn a dial and dishes, glasses, silver and utensils are washed, rinsed and dried *automatically*!

• **Only Hotpoint** double washes, double rinses and dries dishes *electrically*. Your Hotpoint dealer* has three models—reasonably priced. Easy terms if desired. Hotpoint Inc. (A General Electric Affiliate), 5600 W. Taylor St., Chicago 44.
*See classified phone listing for dealers' names.



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TIME, APRIL 21, 1952

only **BH&G**
is two ways **BIG** -



No other man-woman magazine of 3½-million readers or more screens them for the BUY on their minds!

GIANT circulations—of any of the three biggest man-woman magazines—must, by sheer weight of numbers, include some good prospects.

But isn't it logical to expect many *more* good prospects from such top circulation, when it's built entirely by stimulating the reader's own BUY-mindedness?

That's how Better Homes & Gardens—and only Better Homes & Gardens—multimillion circulation was built.

Here are 3½-million families—men and women together—who eagerly await each issue of BH&G not for general news-photos, or fiction, or other

undirected editorial matter—but solely to see what's new, what's better, what's for THEM, among the myriad things offered for better living!

Here are 3½-million families with the means to convert their acquisitive impulses into purchases.

Here are 3½-million families who consider BH&G their tried and trusted family buying counselor!

Everything they see in BH&G urges them to act—whether it's a picture, an article, a helpful hint—or your advertisement!

So, before you okay another space schedule, better learn more about BH&G's multimillions—screened for the BUY on their minds!



MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa

"To own life insurance is to have success of a most basic sort"

A message suggesting a point of view especially helpful to younger men, by CHARLES E. WILSON President, General Motors Corporation

"**S**UCCESS for the individual, I think, comes down to three very personal things. It is accomplishment. It is freedom. And it is satisfaction.

"That being the case, the man who has started a life insurance program has achieved success of a genuine order.

"He has taken the first step along today's straightest road to family security. And *that* is accomplishment.

"He has found new freedom from an economic worry that often holds men back in their undertakings.

"And he enjoys the satisfaction which comes when we put first things first.

"Today, more than 80 million Americans own life insurance. Aside from the advantages this represents to so many, it is reassuring for another reason. It means that in these times when individual initiative is often valued too lightly, 80 million Americans have had the courage and practical good sense to provide for themselves on their own."

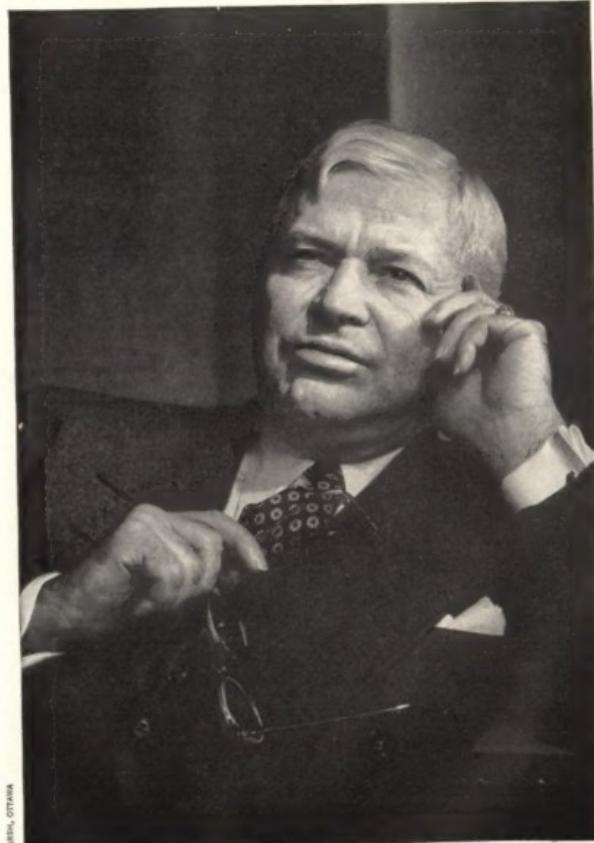


WHY POLICYHOLDERS ARE SO LOYAL TO NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL...

This company is one of the six largest. It has more than 90 years' experience and an outstanding reputation for low net cost.

This emphasizes that there are significant differences among life insurance companies. It is one reason why each year nearly half the new life insurance issued by this company goes to those already in the Northwestern Mutual "family."

Have you reviewed your life insurance program within the last two years? It would be wise to do so. You'll find real advantages in calling upon the skill and understanding of a Northwestern Mutual agent.



RANDALL OTTERBA

A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER. Mr. Wilson's first life insurance was a gift from his father on his 21st birthday, while he was a student apprentice in engineering. Mr. Wilson now owns 8 Northwestern Mutual policies.

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL Life Insurance Company

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

**"A most enjoyable
Atlantic crossing—
thanks to
the luxurious**

S.S. America

Mr. John D. Biggers
President of Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company

No other trip my wife and I have ever made was more enjoyable than our recent voyage aboard the *S.S. AMERICA*. It was perfect from start to finish. "She is a fine ship, handsomely decorated and furnished . . . all Americans may be proud of her!"

If you appreciate select food, prepared and served with elegance from a spotless galley, then you'll be doubly pleased with the cuisine on the *AMERICA*. The pride which the master chefs take in their art is seen against a backdrop of snowy-white table linens. *Here is shipboard dining at its best.*

The *AMERICA* sails from New York to Cobh, Havre, Southampton, Bremerhaven May 2, May 29, June 26, July 11, Aug. 1, Aug. 21, Sept. 12, Oct. 2, Oct. 24 and regularly thereafter. First Class \$295 up; Cabin \$200 up; Tourist \$160 up.

Maiden Voyage of the great new Superliner

from New York, July 3

from Europe, July 10

Less than three months from now, the world's most modern passenger ship will join the *AMERICA*. This top team of American-flag luxury liners will provide frequent, *de luxe* service to and from all Europe.

Largest, fastest passenger vessel ever built in this country, the *UNITED STATES* introduces new standards

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in maritime engineering, construction and decoration . . . the sum total of America's resources and skills.

Like her running mate, the beautiful *AMERICA*, this great ship will offer unsurpassed comfort, service, cuisine and oceangoing entertainment.

See our authorized Travel Agents for full information.

The *UNITED STATES* sails from New York to Havre, Southampton July 3, July 23, Aug. 8, Aug. 22, Sept. 5 and regularly thereafter. First Class \$350 up; Cabin \$220 up; Tourist \$165 up.



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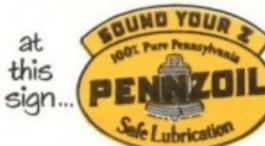
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You'll have oil with a special tough film to resist sludge, varnish and carbon . . . that safeguards valves, rings and pistons from scorching heat. And you'll have oil that keeps your engine clean and lets it run smoothly . . . oil that lasts longer! Try Pennzoil once and you'll stay with it. Switch now . . .



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AT BETTER DEALERS . . . COAST TO COAST

LETTERS

Iran's Case

Sir:

. . . I desire to see the already existing friendly relations between Iran and England grow more & more every day, and I have always attempted to preserve these good relations. However, to my great regret, the lust and greed of those individuals who have been beneficiaries of the former Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. have complicated the situation so much that the Iranian Government has not been able, so far, to make any small sales transaction on its oil. They have the wrong notion in their minds that by bringing economic pressure upon Iran, they can make us submit to being longer exploited by them . . .

As you know, the Iranians aim at attaining their liberty . . . I am confident that you will continue in your good course, as before, in spreading reliable information about our country in the U.S. . . . It is our hope that the American people shall come to realize more than ever before the objectives of the Iranian people . . . It is here that we depend upon your support and that of the American people . . .

Please accept my wishes and prayers for your magazine, which is a great factor as far as its services are concerned to world peace.

DR. MOHAMMED MOSSADEGH
Teheran, Iran

Mrs. R.

Sir:

In a world that has long been in too much of a hurry to recognize genuine kindness, humble dignity and courageous truthfulness, Eleanor Roosevelt stands out like a stop-light. Born into a halcyon world, fortified

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs. \$10.50; 3 yrs. \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr. \$6.50; 2 yrs. \$11.50; 3 yrs. \$15.50. Panama Canal Zone, 1 yr. \$7.00; 2 yrs. \$14.00; 3 yrs. \$19.00. Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$18.00. Single copy, 25¢. Back copies, \$1.00. Every person anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

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Engine... Power Steering... Power
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of 1952. See and *drive* it!



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White sidewall tires, when available, are optional equipment.

DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH Dealers present GROUCHO MARX in "You Bet Your Life" every week on both RADIO and TV... NBC networks.
TIME, APRIL 21, 1952

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That's the secret of the soft, natural, non-greasy attractiveness of Kreml-groomed hair. That's the exclusive Kreml Hair Tonic formula that brings you good looks. Be sure you use Kreml.

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against poverty and bitterness by wealth, social position and a fortunate marriage, the memory of her "shy, ugly duckling years" have no doubt helped her to possess the wonderful empathy she has for people everywhere . . . I, for one, who have never met or even seen "Mrs. R.", love her dearly; how must others, who have been touched by her, feel?

Your April 1 cover story on her is, admirably, written along the same lines that make up her personality and character—slightly wistful, clearly understood, beautiful and earnest in their simplicity . . .

VIRGINIA ROSE

New York City

Sir:

On behalf of those Americans for whom the "shrill upper register" voice of Eleanor Roosevelt echoes the highest ideals of this derailed era, I want to extend my sincere thanks to TIME—a magazine I generally read with apprehensive glance and frequent shudder . . .

SHEPHERD I. RAIMI

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

You give the impression that Mrs. Roosevelt's affiliation and sympathy for left-wing characters and causes was something that she played with in her middle-aged childhood but which she has cast aside since she has donned her grandmotherly Mother Hubbard. The record shows otherwise . . . She has done her best to ridicule Chambers, Bentley and Budenz. To this day she has never publicly repudiated Hiss . . .

TERRENCE O'TOOLE

Forest Hills, N.Y.

There'll Always Be an Aspirate

Sir:

Re your March 31 story on the London motorbus drivers visiting the U.S. with their "cockney" drivers: I see that you have fallen for the pernicious idea that all London workingmen drop their aitches . . . Unfortunately, you are not alone in this habit. Our own BBC always finds it necessary . . . to put "local" and plebeian language in the mouths of policemen, bus and taxi drivers, artisans and the "working class" in general. If TIME was a genuine student of the London scene, it would be aware that "cockney" idiom is almost extinct. This stigma of an elementary education has been eradicated to a great extent by a progressive educational system and improved social conditions . . .

F. B. DAVIS

Streatham, London, England

Marriage [Ugh!] for [Gulp] All?

Sir:

I wonder if Al Capp realizes that his recent action [in marrying Li'l Abner to Daisy Mae] may force millions of red-blooded American boys to get married? For years, Li'l Abner has been the bachelor's ideal. Now that he is married, only one course of action is open to us. Get hitched. Couldn't there be just one more miracle?

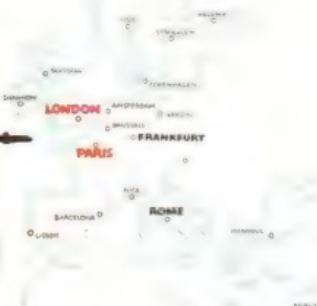
BILL ANDERSON

Louisville, Ky.

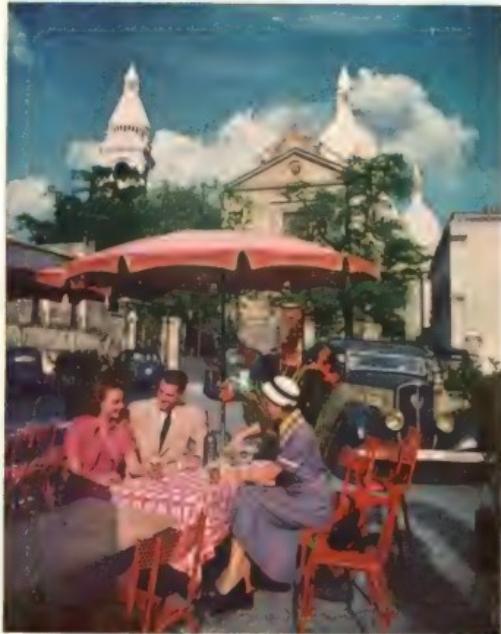
Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to express my sympathy at the passing of a great American satirist. As the last bastion in defense of the vanishing American man, he, almost alone, valiantly bore the struggle on his capable shoulders. With little help but a great deal of sympathy from his own species, he struck terrible blows at the gods of matrimony, offering a smile of hope to the be-leaguered American male. But, as is the inevitable lot of those who would scoff at the

London will be only 13½ hours from New York on the huge new Super-6 Clippers!



Now you can fly to **EUROPE** for only **\$270**



Last night you left New York... today you're in Paris (above)—thanks to the speed of Pan American's superb new Super-6 Clippers. Plan to go this year—at Pan American's new low Clipper Tourist fares!

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

...on "The Rainbow," Pan American's new Clipper Tourist Service...you'll go on brand-new Super-6 Clippers."

Yes, starting May 1st, Pan American will offer overnight service to Europe on "The Rainbow." You'll save \$125 over the first-class fare... \$225 on the round trip. Here are typical examples:

From New York to	One way	Round trip
Ireland	\$241	\$433.80
London	\$270	\$486
Paris	\$290	\$522
Frankfurt	\$313.10	\$563.60

Similar low fares to *all other cities* in Europe.

Moreover, you'll fly in brand-new airliners, manned by the same experienced ocean liner Flight Crews who operate Pan American's deluxe service.

During the flight, attractive, satisfying meals will be served at low prices.

- **Epecially built Clippers.** Pan American will be ready this summer with a *whole fleet* of Douglas Super-6 Clippers. These 4-engine, pressurized Clippers are the fastest ever built; they're the world's most modern airliners and were ordered especially for Pan American's "Rainbow" service. They'll fly you to Europe overnight!

Make your reservations as soon as you can. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.



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New Power-Pivot Pedals are suspended from above! They're easier to operate. They give the driver more foot space, eliminate drafty holes in the floor.



New Full-Circle Visibility really lets you see where you're going and where you've been. You have the safety advantages of a huge one-piece windshield and a car-wide rear window plus side windows that are picture-window big.

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It's the Ablest Car on the American Road

*That rear window
is as wide as the car.*

*Makes it
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The 1952 Ford is available in more models and in more color and upholstery combinations than any other car in its field. In addition, it is the only low-priced car to offer three drives: Fordomatic, Overdrive, and Conventional. Your Ford Dealer invites you to "Test Drive" a '52 Ford today. You'll agree it's the ablest car on the American road! You can pay more, but you can't buy better!

*Ford's new Center-Fill Fueling
cuts down spillage.*



New Center-Fill Fueling makes gassing-up convenient from either side of the pump. With no long filler pipe in the way, the luggage compartment is a suitcase bigger. And the rear license plate is spring-mounted to conceal the gas cap!

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goddess Venus, he fell victim to the very thing he fought . . . This great satirist now gambols about his new-found Elysian fields along with the movie moguls and advertisers, caught up in the perfumed product of their own imagination and in the daily propitiating of the Great American Female . . . Those of us left behind can only mourn his memory and look for a new champion to replace the great Al Capp.

JOHN BODNAR

Binghamton, N.Y.

Hell & Hamfat

Sir:

Having been one of those half a million Americans who had the pleasure of viewing *Don Juan in Hell*, I was pleased to read your excellent March 31 article on Charles Laughton and associates . . .

H. H. COBB JR.

Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

Please correct the error made in your Laughton article where you state: "... Chautauqua in 1925 quickly and quietly faded away." In my opinion, this worthwhile institution is very much alive today at Chautauqua. Its religious and cultural programs are without parallel. During the season the Chautauqua Symphony programs are broadcast to a nationwide audience. The summer opera maintains highest musical standards. New York University offers extension work there to a host of educators from all parts of the country. —ED.

NORMAN P. HEWITT

Philadelphia

¶ TIME referred to the fade-out of Chautauqua as a nationwide institution, should have made it clear that the original Chautauqua still flourishes. —ED.

Sir:

The derivation of "ham" as applied to "h'amateur" actors in your article on Charles Laughton differs from what I believe to be the correct one. The oldtime minstrels used to apply ham-fat to their faces so that their burnt-cork makeup would be easier to remove. They thus became known as "ham-fatters," the word eventually being shortened to "ham," and used to designate any broad, slapstick performances such as those of the minstrels. Now, of course, it simply means bad acting.

But whatever the derivation, if Mr. Laughton's performances in *Don Juan in Hell* are hamming, let us have more of it . . .

ARTHUR ANDERSON

New York City

¶ Such derivations are moot points. But H. L. Mencken in *The American Language* supports Reader Anderson's theory.—ED.

The Truman Record

Sir:

I consider your April 7 tribute to Truman a very fair, unbiased tribute to a man you have so often poked fun at and criticized.

It is indeed refreshing to find that TIME can write a kind, unprejudiced evaluation of a man who tried hard, but who simply was not big enough for the job of presidency.

JANICE PECK PATTERSON

Dallas, Pa.

Sir:

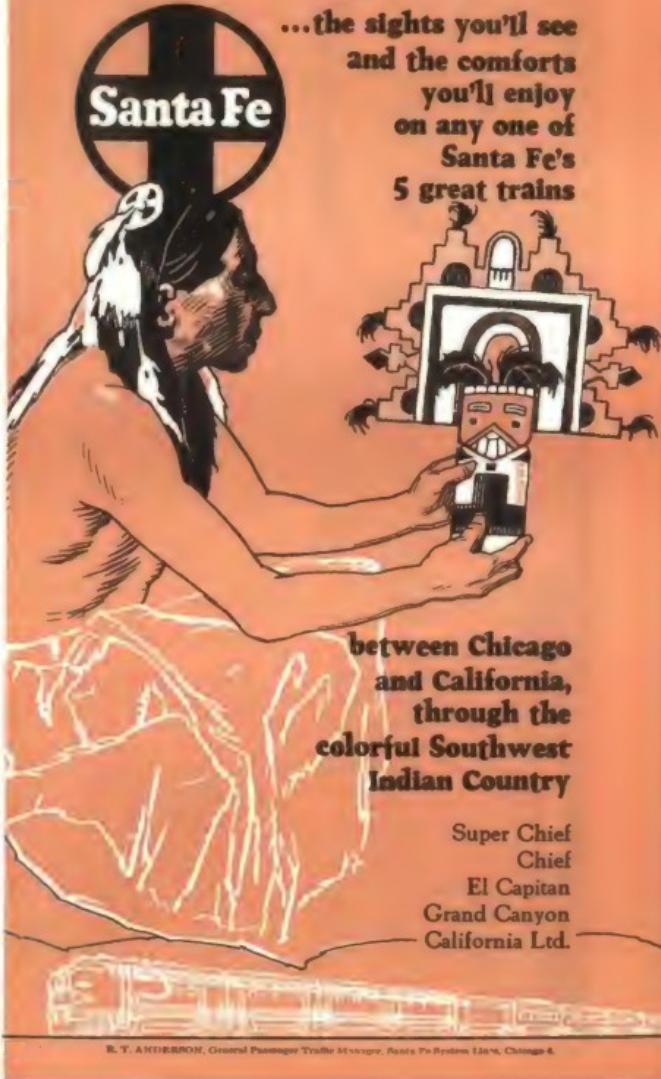
In your April 7 editorial on the President's bowing-out speech, you said that Mr. Truman "did not develop the ability to look ahead, to avoid the doses, to build."

Truman has planned ahead perhaps

memories you'll treasure

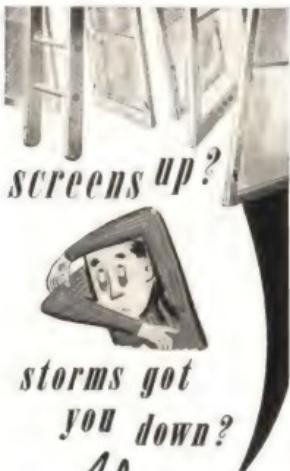
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and the comforts
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DEALERS SOME TERRITORIES STILL AVAILABLE

more than any previous President. This he did in foreign affairs, in domestic matters, and in his attempt to reorganize the Government.

What about his initiation of Point Four, NATO, and his support of the Schuman Plan? The Marshall Plan, which you designate as "the foolish Truman reflex" to an emergency, indicates more than a little ability to look ahead . . . The record shows that again & again Truman acted in the interests of the long-range welfare of his country even when it meant obvious political disadvantage to himself . . .

ERNEST LEFEVER

New York City

Sir:

Tweedledee is finally out of it—if we can rely on his Jefferson-Jackson Day speech. If Tweedledee only had enough foresight, he'd be out of it too.

My guess is that it will finally be Kefauver for the Democrats and Eisenhower for the Republicans.

BLAS A. GIBLER

Mexico City, Mexico

J'aime Eek

Sir:

Your March 31 article, "The Minnesota Explosion," is a fine piece of journalism and indeed very gratifying to read. So some of the Minnesotans can't spell Eisenhower correctly? Well, the Parisians don't pronounce it *comme il faut*. To them, he is "General Eek" and their leading man, too. A good thing for Senator Taft that he doesn't have to worry about support from this metropolis.

URSULA W. SIMA

Paris, France

Womanhood Disgraced?

Sir:

In regard to your March 31 Radio & TV article concerning "big, bosomy, blonde" Dagmar: Don't you think humanity is immoral enough without a national magazine publishing cute little items and sayings of this disgrace to womanhood? Would it be too difficult to replace such copy with something more advantageous to the reader, instead of giving the latest on a girl who has yet to learn the art of dressing properly?

PEGGY GABRINI
MARIAN MILLER

Saint Mary College
Xavier, Kans.

The Priests of the Favelados

Sir:

TIME's reporter on Rio's *favelados* (TIME, March 31) missed an interesting sidelight for U.S. readers. If he . . . visited the "human anthills," he must have passed St. Francis Friary . . . where live the U.S. Conventual Franciscans whose parish includes these notorious shantytowns. Two of these priests had been working singlehandedly among the *favelados* long before Dr. Guilhermo Ribeiro Romano appeared on the scene . . . Helped by folk back home, these young Franciscans built and have maintained medical clinics and social centers, schools and chapels on Kerusene, Escondidinho and São Carlos Hills [One] . . . piped water up the hill . . . To get . . . permission to tap the city watermain below . . . he had to pull more strings than a quartet of puppets.

These priests, known and beloved among the thousands of *favelados*, must gratefully welcome Dr. Romano, eleventh-hour hero though he be! . . .

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O.F.M. Conv.

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Champion Ardendale Kickernick, an Airedale Terrier who combines two careers — being a happy house pet and a winner at dog shows — poses with handler Doug McClain. Your dog, too, deserves Dash — to look and feel his best!



**Dash is fortified
with LIVER!**



This is Leonard A. Snyder, photographed at eight weeks

INTRODUCING

The Youngest Telephone Share Owner

BABY BECOMES PART OWNER OF A. T. & T.
WHEN ONLY THIRTY-TWO MINUTES OLD

Little Leonard Snyder of Philadelphia, Pa., broke all known speed records in becoming a part owner of the Bell Telephone business.

Minutes after he was born on December 28, 1951, his proud father telephoned the news to his aunt. She was so delighted that she immediately telephoned an order for five shares of American Telephone

and Telegraph Company stock for the new arrival. Thirty-two minutes after Leonard was born, the stock was purchased in his name.

He's much younger than the average A. T. & T. shareholder, of course. But in the number of shares he owns, he's just like thousands and thousands of others. For about half of all the owners of A. T. & T.

are small shareholders, with ten shares or less.

The 1,100,000 owners of the Bell Telephone business are people of all ages, from all walks of life, in every part of the United States.

Thousands of churches, hospitals, schools and libraries and three hundred and fifty insurance companies also own A. T. & T. stock.

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Super-powered receivers, built on principles developed at the David Sarnoff Research Center of RCA, bring clearer television pictures to more homes.

New Super Sets widen television's horizons !

Although no new TV stations have been built since 1950, television's reach has been extended *in two ways*. In sections of cities where interference is a problem, fine pictures can now be seen. The same is true in rural, or TV "fringe" areas, formerly too distant for clear reception.

RCA engineers and scientists, to offset these limitations, developed powerful new Super Sets. In distant fringe areas, these sets boost a weak or faltering signal into a clear, steady picture. While in cities, where buildings and electrical devices may interfere, this same super power — plus television's first double-shielded tuner —

bring in TV at its best. The result is stronger pictures in the country, steadier, clearer pictures in problem areas, and better pictures than ever before in areas of normal television reception.

The new RCA Victor "Picture Power" Super Sets are another example of research and engineering at work for your benefit. This pioneering means finer quality and performance from all products and services of RCA and RCA Victor.

* * *

See the latest in radio, television, and electronics in action at RCA Exhibition Hall, 36 West 49th St., N. Y. Admission is free. Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20, New York.



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
World leader in radio — first in television

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



W.M. Grossman & Sons, Inc.
LUKS'S "THE SPELLERS"



Wildenstein & Co., Inc.
SHAHN'S "VACANT LOT"



Whitney Museum of American Art
SLOAN'S "BACKYARDS, GREENWICH VILLAGE."

Dear Time-Reader

You may remember the recent story in TIME'S ART section, describing an exhibition of the favorite 20th century American paintings of seven art critics (TIME, Feb. 25). "The art critics of New York are not without courage," said a New York *Herald Tribune* review of the show. "One of them, in this day of heavy . . . emphasis on non-objectivism and abstraction, dared to include among his favorite ten, pictures by such substantial, solid realists as Eakins, Homer, Luks, Sloan, Wyeth and Burchfield. That . . . takes rather more audacity than naming . . . fashionably fragmentary abstractions."

The critic thus singled out was TIME's Art Editor Alexander Eliot, eight of whose ten choices are reproduced on this page. (Not shown: John Marin's *Sun, Isles, and Sea* and Thomas Eakins' *Mrs. Edith Mahon*.)

Critic Eliot brings some unique qualifications to his job. Both his parents are authors and his great-grandfather, Charles W. Eliot, most widely known for his "Five-Foot Shelf" of books, was president of Harvard University. A great-uncle, Portrait Painter Charles Hopkinson, gave his family an art tradition, as well.

Starting out to be an artist himself, Eliot tried all kinds of painting, from "tight realism to complete abstraction."



The Metropolitan Museum of Art
BURCHFIELD'S "COMING OF SPRING"



The Metropolitan Museum of Art
WYETH'S "A CROW FLEW BY"



Whitney Museum of American Art
HOMER'S "DRIFTWOOD"



The Museum of Modern Art
HARTELY'S "MT. KATAHDIN, AUTUMN, NO. 1"

In 1940 he made a gallery of his Boston apartment to exhibit the work of artist friends. But soon after that he began painting less & less and turned more & more toward writing. "A painter lives in his eyes," he says. "I felt a growing need to express myself in words. I'm not a painter any more."

Eliot came to TIME in 1945, first wrote for SPORT, but has spent most of his time with the ART section. When TIME began work on a regular series of Art pages in color last spring, Eliot took part in the original planning, and has since played a major role in their execution. He says: "Sport is easier to write than Art. You can always tell who won. In Art, the returns don't come in for a couple of centuries."

As a critic, Eliot's likes & dislikes apply to individual paintings, rather than to schools or kinds of art. Inevitably, he sometimes finds himself at odds with your own varying tastes and opinions. But, says Eliot: "The critic's job is not to decide what kind of painting is best for the period. It's his job to look at pictures, try to understand them and to explain them so other people can understand them."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn



The Museum of Modern Art
HOPPER'S "NEW YORK MOVIE"

OUR PURPOSE IS TO CARE...FOR THOSE WHO CARE



Why Sunday afternoon is like a *Barrel of Apples*

It's a beautiful afternoon . . . and you've just had a wonderful dinner.

You bundle the family into the car and off you go for a ride . . . to visit friends or for a breath of country air.

There's quite a bit of traffic . . . many cars, many drivers . . . good drivers, careful, thoughtful drivers. But out of the blue comes the bad one . . . the reckless, thoughtless driver . . . and suddenly there's a crash!

Like the one bad apple that spoils the barrel, it is the bad driver that gives the good and indispen-

sable automobile a black eye. And although his number is few his toll is high, both in lives and in costs to you.

When the bad driver is off the road through law, or his habits corrected, through education, your life will be safer, your driving pleasures will be greater and your insurance costs will be lower . . . considerably.

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PUMPS



CENTRIFUGAL



VERTICAL TURBINE



RECIPROCATING



ROTARY

STEAM CONDENSER



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During this period, Worthington has developed a position of leadership in many related fields. Fourteen major product lines including pumps are manufactured in 21 plants throughout the world.

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WATER TREATMENT
APPARATUS



INDUSTRIAL MIXERS



CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT



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PUMPS



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RECIPROCATING



ROTARY

**Why has the World's
Leading Manufacturer
of Pumps taken the
"Pump" out of its name?**

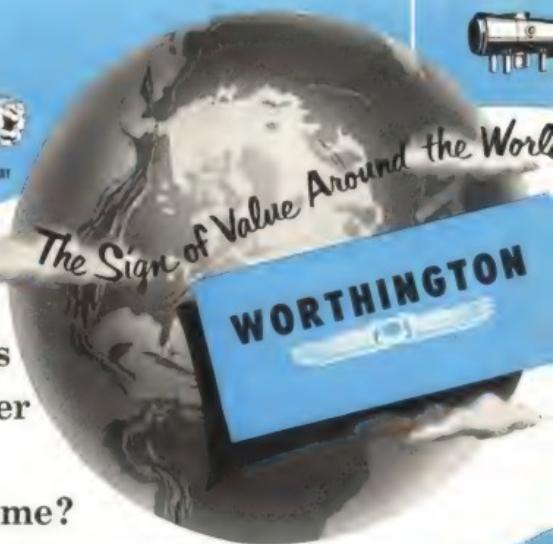
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CONCRETE MACHINERY



"READY FOR TAKE-OFF, SIR!"

"TAKE it easy, Skip! You've still got plenty of time to decide what you're going to be when you grow up!"

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

April 21, 1952

THE CAMPAIGN

Home to the Wars

On the desk of the Secretary of Defense in Washington, one morning last fortnight, a bulky sealed packet plopped down. It was from General Eisenhower's headquarters in France. Inside were three letters: one addressed to the President of the U.S., one to the chairman of the NATO military standing committee in Washington and one to Defense Secretary Robert Lovett. Lovett delivered the other two with top-secret precautions, then sliced open his own.

"Dear Mr. Secretary," wrote Eisenhower, "I request that you initiate appropriate action to secure my release from assignment as Supreme Commander, Allied Powers Europe, by approximately June 1st, and that I be placed on inactive status upon my return to the United States . . ." The letter was dated April 2, the first anniversary of the day Eisenhower formally established SHAPE headquarters in Europe. At Ike's verbal request, the exchange was kept secret until he had an opportunity to tell his NATO fellow officers his basic decision: he has decided to return home to run as a GOP candidate for President of the U.S.

Out the Door. Ike had just finished a critique of NATO's first top-level map maneuver at SHAPE last week, when he turned to the 70 high-ranking officers of NATO's 14-nation armies and made the announcement. "I do not want this to go out of the room," he said. For a moment there was complete silence. Then Britain's temperamental Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery delivered an impromptu eulogy, wound up by locking Ike in an affectionate bear hug, while the others roared, cheered and dabbed at their eyes. Ike broke away and started for the door. At the doorway he paused and clasped his hands over his head in a prizefighter's salute. Then, digging for his own handkerchief, he swung out the door and into U.S. politics.

Next day the White House made a brief announcement of Ike's homecoming, adding that he and the President have exchanged cordial personal letters on the subject. The details were confidential, but reporters heard that Ike 1) assured the President that the basic organizational tasks of NATO are now accomplished and 2) confessed surprise and amazement at the growing political pressures building up beneath him.

"I Was Wrong." Ike seemed unusually harassed and baggy-eyed when he strode into a special press conference at SHAPE to face a full house of correspondents. After wan smiles to right & left, he whipped out his heavy horn-rimmed glasses and settled down to the serious reading of a 1,300-word prepared



Associated Press

CANDIDATE EISENHOWER
Determined to fight.

text, forewarning reporters that there would be no questions allowed.

"During the past months, circumstances of my personal life have markedly changed," said he. "I [had] believed that the political movement involving my name and undertaken in America by certain of my fellow citizens would not necessarily impinge on the duties and responsibilities of my present post. Generally, events in the U.S., and their incessant repercussions, have made it evident that I was wrong . . ." He was not resigning from the U.S. Army, he said, but only requesting that he be put back on the same kind of inactive status he held before he took on his NATO job.

"If, however, I should—through the current effort now going on at home—be nominated in July to political office, I shall promptly submit to the President my resignation as an officer of the Army. From that point on, I would be free to

act and speak as any other citizen, without any of the limitations imposed by the tradition of the military establishment." Between now and June 1 he intends to make a circuit of NATO capitals "to say farewell to old friends . . ." In the meantime, "I'm not going to discuss any kind of political question."

Reporters would find it useless to ask him who his successor at SHAPE might be, he went on, because "I have not the slightest information on the matter." As for his plans in the U.S., he had only two: 1) to keep an old date to speak at the dedication of the Eisenhower Foundation in "my home town of Abilene, Kansas" on June 4 and 2) a short vacation with his wife, "if we may be allowed one."

New Footing. Ike's return, however, would put the campaign for his nomination on an entirely new footing. Once he sets foot ashore he will inevitably be subjected to the give & take of press conferences without the protective screen of SHAPE. He will be challenged and baited by political opponents who want to get him to commit himself on controversial, specific issues. (Commented Bob Taft pointedly: "I extend a cordial invitation to him to campaign actively, as I have been doing, so that we may both present to the Republicans our definite views on these issues . . .")

But Ike's well-timed homecoming will be far more of an asset than a liability to his campaign. By the time he speaks in Abilene, the major primaries will be over (the last: California, June 3). Ike will restrict himself to perhaps three major speeches of a general nature, all with a national television audience. For the rest of the time he will be at home on his Gettysburg, Pa., farm or traveling through the U.S., ready & willing to meet politicos who want to shake his hand.

Ike supporters had only one question. Once nominated, would Citizen Eisenhower put up the kind of a fight the GOP needs to win? Last week an Ike friend in New Jersey released one paragraph of a recent personal letter from Ike: "One more word—if, by any chance, it should come about that the Republican Party does name me as its standard-bearer. I am determined to lead the entire organization into a fight in which there will be no cessation, no rest and no lack of intensity until the final decision is made."

* Leading contenders: Generals Matthew B. Ridgway and Alfred M. Gruenther.

THE PRESIDENCY

Seizure

"The mystery of where Truman has been heading," noted one political commentator recently, "can be answered simply. All his skills and energies—and he has been among our hardest-working Presidents—have been directed to standing still . . . to work himself back close to the center spot of indecision from which he started." In his abrupt seizure of the nation's \$10 billion steel industry last week, Harry Truman decisively brought to an end the immediate threat of a critical strike. But his action left the dispute over steel itself, and the future of the whole wage-price stabilization program, right where it started: tangled, confused—and more embittered than ever.

The midnight strike deadline was only 90 minutes away when the face of the President appeared on the nation's television screens. The voice of Harry Truman came through the loudspeakers: "I have to think about our soldiers in Korea . . . the weapons and ammunition they need . . . our soldiers and our allies in Europe . . . our atomic energy program . . . our domestic economy." Said the President: "We are faced by the possibility that at midnight tonight the steel industry will be shut down. This must not happen."

Compounded Errors. If Harry Truman had acted on that sound premise to force a settlement in steel, no one could have questioned his course. After five months of negotiations, hearings and mediation, the steel dispute had come to a dead stop. It was a deadlock compounded

of errors and intransigence on all sides: steel's long refusal to make any wage offer at all without the guarantee of a price increase; the C.I.O. steelworkers' insistence on the full recommendation of the Wage Stabilization Board (a wage package of 26.1¢ an hour plus the union shop); the Government's over-optimism about a settlement.

But Harry Truman did not see that the blame for the deadlock rested on all three parties. The man who two years ago thought he had no authority to seize the coal mines now claimed the power to take over the steel mills "by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and the laws of the United States." Then, in a flood of intemperate language unmatched since his rawhiding of the striking railroad workers in 1946,⁸ the President launched into an angry dressing-down of the whole steel industry.

Letting 'Em Have It. As the President told the story, the recommendation of the Wage Stabilization Board was entirely "fair and reasonable." The steelworkers had accepted the WSB proposal. The companies had not. Why? Because they want "to force the Government to give them a big boost in prices."

Truman went on to examine the "facts" of the industry's profits (see BUSINESS). They were high enough, he insisted, to absorb the full cost of the union's demands. He did not mention other facts: that the profit figures he used were profits before taxes; that the union shop was one of the major stumbling blocks in the whole dispute. Instead, in his best (or

* The man mainly responsible for blocking the President's scheme to draft the strikers into the armed forces: Ohio's Senator Robert A. Taft.

★ Samuel Lubell, in *The Future of American Politics*, published last week.



SECRETARY SAWYER & MOBILIZER STELMAN
Tangled, confused—and more embittered than ever.

Associated Press

worst) fighting style, he let the companies have it:

"The steel industry has never been so profitable as it is today—at least not since the 'profiteering' days of World War I. And yet . . . the steel companies . . . now want to double their money . . . The steel industry wants something special, something nobody else can get . . . and they are apparently willing to stop steel production to get it."

By the time the President had finished talking, Commerce Secretary Charles Sawyer had reluctantly taken over the job of running the mills. Out went telegrams to 71 steel companies. Up went the symbols of federal possession: the U.S. flag, seizure orders on company bulletin boards. In the crowded taverns and along the main streets of grimy steel towns like Homestead, Pa., steelworkers celebrated the outcome, ready to stream back to work. About 800,000 tons of steel had been lost by banking the furnaces in anticipation of a strike. But after a few angry murmurs from steelmen, the mills headed back to full operation.

Hello, Boss. Next morning in a Washington courtroom, the companies made their first legal move to regain possession of their properties. Their request for a temporary order to restrain the President from seizing the mills was promptly rejected by District Judge Alexander Holtsoff. He was not sure whether or not his court could issue an injunction against the President of the U.S. A glum collection of steelmen stalked into Secretary Sawyer's office. Cracked U.S. Steel's Ben Fairless, with a sour grin: "Hello, Boss."

Still smarting that night, Inland Steel's President Clarence B. Randall spoke for the seized companies over another radio and TV hookup. He hit back as hard as he had been hit. He disputed Truman's "shocking distortion of facts" up & down the line. Cried Randall: Truman has "transgressed his oath of office . . . abused the power which is temporarily his . . . seized the private property of one million people without the slightest shadow of legal right . . . This evil deed, without precedent in American history, discharges a political debt to the C.I.O. . . . Phil Murray now gives Harry Truman a receipt marked 'paid in full'!"

By the next morning, even Harry Truman seemed to feel he might have gone too far. In an explanatory message to Congress he hinted that, while he had all the authority he needed to seize the steel industry, he would be only too happy if Congress wanted to pass some laws confirming his action.

This week steel and union negotiators met in the office of Acting Defense Mobilizer John Steelman to try once more to work out a settlement. The odds, of course, were now heavily weighted in favor of the steelworkers. If management refused to accept the workers' demands, the Government-operated plants could always agree to accept wage increases proposed by the Government.

Reckless Partisan

Congress' immediate reaction to Harry Truman's seizure of the steel mills was a volley of polysyllabic denunciation: "usurpation . . . socialization . . . intemperate . . . dangerous implications . . ." New Hampshire's Republican Styles Bridges demanded a Judiciary Committee inquiry. South Carolina's Democrat Burnet Maybank called a halt to consideration of the controls program, due to expire June 30. Even the most ardent friends of labor warned that Harry Truman was wielding a two-edged sword—one that in the hands of another President might be turned against labor itself.

There was no question that past Presidents, in time of crisis, have stretched their vaguely defined constitutional powers. When defense production was threatened in 1941, Franklin Roosevelt seized aircraft and shipbuilding companies. A famous example was Abraham Lincoln's suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in the Civil War. "My oath to preserve the Constitution," he explained later, "imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that Government, that Nation, of which the Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the Nation and yet preserve the Constitution?"

Was there no other way out this time? There were arguments of a sort against using the Taft-Hartley law. The steelworkers had already postponed their strike, voluntarily, for an even longer period than Taft-Hartley could have enforced. There was certainly a sound argument to be made for a pay increase in steel. The steelworkers had been without a raise since 1950, while workers in the auto and electrical industries had got raises up to 17¢ an hour.

But the President's reckless action was not simply a question of constitutional law, to be argued out in the courts. And more than a matter of dollars & cents for either side was at issue. Harry Truman, like all U.S. Chief Executives, must play two roles: President of all the people, and boss of a political party. In seizing the steel mills and violently taking sides, in unnecessarily stretching the vast powers of the presidency, Truman had acted primarily as a politician, not as a President.

A tipoff on the Administration's motive came inadvertently last week from Price Stabilizer Ellis Arnall. "The steel situation," said Arnall, "is the stuff on which campaigns—political campaigns—are won & lost." Politician Harry Truman was obviously operating on the axiom of political arithmetic that there are more votes in Big Labor than in Big Steel.

Anniversary Week

Despite the pressure of large events, President Harry Truman was not without his share of satisfaction during the week which marked the end of his seventh year in office. The anniversary of Franklin Roosevelt's death, and of Harry Truman's accession to the presidency—the last he



John Zimmerman

CONGRESSMAN COUDERT
Here, kitty, kitty, kitty.

would celebrate in office—seemed to put him in a subdued and reflective state of mind. "Seven years," he said to the photographers who trooped into his office for the occasion, "is a long time—and a short time."

But the seven years had left him in excellent health. White House Physician Wallace H. Graham was able to report that the presidential weight was exactly 174 lbs., just what he wanted it to be. Harry Truman announced that he never felt better. Furthermore, the President had finally gotten the White House fixed up to suit him. Fully settled again, after three years at Blair House, he could not resist announcing that he had managed in the process to escape from That Bed—a carved and canopied four-poster which was installed by Teddy Roosevelt and dutifully occupied by every President since.

Truman spoke as if his years in Teddy's four-poster had almost disjointed him. It was, he said, "the most uncomfortable, the worst bed I ever slept in." To his mind, it was also too big to fit properly in the President's bedroom. Last week it had been relegated to a guest room, and Truman was luxuriating in a modern three-quarter width affair—"a kind of Hollywood bed"—with a low headboard and no footboard at all.

Last week the President also:

Agreed to make tax returns available to congressional investigators, in all cases where there was "credible evidence" of actual wrongdoing.

Presented the Congressional Medal of Honor to three Korean war heroes—Lieut. Lloyd L. Burke of Stuttgart, Ark., Corporal Rodolfo P. Hernandez of Fowler, Calif., and Marine Master Sergeant Harold E. Wilson of Birmingham, Ala.—and said, proudly: "These citations . . . show just exactly what the fiber of the American people is made of."

THE CONGRESS

Perilous Penny-Pinching

As balky as a small boy whose neck is about to be scrubbed, the House began debate last week on the Defense Department's \$31 billion appropriation request for the next fiscal year. Like most taxpayers, House members were already rubbed raw by the prospect of another big budget deficit. And they were sure that hundreds of millions could be cut from the Pentagon's figures—in addition to the \$4.2 billion already chopped out by the Appropriations Committee—but nobody knew where.

Touch of the Brush. Georgia's Carl Vinson did what he could to defend the bill against indiscriminate cutting. "I am certain," he said, "that so long as this nation remains prepared . . . war is not imminent. Let down our guard and the lightning will strike." But the House was not in the mood for sober counsels. At the first touch of the scrub brush it began flailing back. It refused to restore any part of the Committee cuts. Then it sliced out half a billion more, leaving a final figure of \$26.2 billion.

One of the noisiest economizers to take the floor was New York's Republican Frederic R. Coudert Jr. Since the war began in Korea, he argued, Congress has appropriated money so much faster than the Pentagon could spend it, that the \$26.2 billion the House was now considering would give the military a staggering \$108 billion in the kitty to spend at will. Indeed, said Coudert, the Pentagon planned to spend \$25.5 billion this year regardless of how Congress treated its new appropriation. Therefore, he said, the House should pass an amendment limiting this year's defense-spending, regardless of appropriations, to \$46 billion. "The Pentagon," he shouted, "is no longer going to rule the nation."

Broke on the Pentagon. Coudert's proposition made good political fodder in an election year. But it was recklessly irresponsible. The Coudert amendment had nothing to do with appropriations; it arbitrarily clapped a tight brake on the rate at which the military may dip into its kitty to accept and pay for finished weapons for the U.S. armed forces. Of the \$25.5 billion that the Pentagon had planned to spend this year, \$14.1 billion is for fixed costs such as troop pay and maintenance; \$10.8 billion is for military equipment too close to delivery to be canceled; the balance of \$7.6 billion is for weapons now on order. Administration floor leaders warned urgently that the spending limit would force the military to slow down delivery on \$6 billion worth of equipment which U.S. manufacturers were finally geared to turn out—tanks, guns, guided missiles and especially aircraft. But the House refused to listen, and passed the amendment by a 90-vote majority of Republicans and Southern Democrats.

The House decision flew in the face of some hard military facts. According to

the best intelligence estimates in Washington, the date of maximum danger of Russian attack, when Soviet air power will be strong enough to deal a decisive blow to U.S. industry, is mid-1954. The Administration's "stretch-out" of the defense program has already delayed the date of minimum U.S. preparedness well beyond mid-1954. If the Senate allows the spending ceiling to stand, the date will be put off still further—at incalculable peril to the security of the nation.

Joe's Blunder

The Senate subcommittee investigating the right of Joe McCarthy to hold his Senate seat was doing just fine—carefully accomplishing nothing, in the proper election-year spirit—if Joe had only had the sense to keep quiet. But McCarthy bullied his way into the act, charging that the subcommittee was "dishonest," that its expenses were "picking the pockets of the taxpayers." That led to a heated debate in the Senate last week on whether or not to continue the investigation.

Instead of discussing the charges against him (e.g., had he deliberately lied during his attacks on the State Department?), McCarthy quickly confused the debate with his usual oratorical dust storm. He had "confidence" in the subcommittee, he said, but he added with wondrous logic that it ought to continue its work as a matter of principle. Then, as usual, he counterattacked: he challenged the Senate to order a similar investigation of his favorite enemy, Senator William Benton, the "odd little mental midget" from Connecticut, whose charges originally prompted the Senate to investigate McCarthy.

After demanding, among other things, an examination of Benton's income-tax returns, McCarthy hurried off to catch a plane. His tactics spared the Senate the embarrassment of a showdown on the issue; it unanimously (60 to 0) ordered the Gillette subcommittee to continue investigating McCarthy and referred the Benton case to the full committee. But McCarthy's enemies were delighted, nevertheless; they thought he had caught their man in a serious blunder. They figured it would be easier for the subcommittee to go ahead with a businesslike investigation of Republican McCarthy if it were also looking into the case of Democrat Benton. And by demanding an investigation of Benton's income-tax returns, McCarthy had opened the way for the subcommittee to investigate his own somewhat complicated income-tax affairs.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Arms for a Comrade

The U.S. last week got a progress report from its military mission in Yugoslavia. Said the mission chief, Brigadier General John Harmony: The regime of Communist Tito is now considerably stronger, thanks to grants of arms from the capitalist U.S.

The exact quantities of military supplies sent to Yugoslavia remain a military secret, but Harmony said that 30% of the

DELEGATE BOX SCORE

Though some political strategists in both parties are already claiming enough delegates to win the nomination on the first ballot in Chicago, the only solid count to date comes from the 20 states (plus Puerto Rico and Alaska) which have actually chosen convention delegates. The box score of delegates who are openly committed or who have formally announced their preferences:

REPUBLICANS (Total: 1,205; needed to nominate: 603)

Taft	198
Eisenhower	86
Stassen	21
Warren	6
MacArthur	2
Not committed	62
Still to be chosen	830

DEMOCRATS (Total: 1,230; needed to nominate: 616)

Kefauver	41
Humphrey	23
Kerr	7
Russell	1
Others	13
Not committed	110
Still to be chosen	1,035

military equipment allocated for the fiscal year 1950-51, and a slightly smaller percentage for 1951-52, had been delivered. Specific items included: fighter planes, tanks, armored and scout cars, antiaircraft guns.

Tito has so far put very little of this equipment in the field. He thinks that his army should first be thoroughly trained in its use. Not until last week, for example, were his first new U.S. fighter planes airborne. Yugoslav airmen (eleven officers, eight non-coms) trained in the U.S. returned to their homeland about a month



YUGOSLAVIA'S TITO
Strength through Harmony.

ago. They have since been instructing other airmen in handling U.S. equipment.

Because of Tito's continuing suspicions of his new Western benefactors, the Harmony mission has been held down to 28 officers and men, though the U.S. had hoped for a complement of 73. The watch over the free U.S. arms is sharply limited. Harmony said he does not know, nor does he expect to know, what units of Tito's army finally receive the U.S. weapons which will help Communist Yugoslavia take its stand, alongside the free world, against the threat of Communist Stalin.

REPUBLICANS

"What a Wonderful Thing"

New York's Governor Tom Dewey, who tried and lost for the G.O.P. in 1944 and 1948, described last week how he feels as he watches the party's 1952 models go by. Said Dewey, as he introduced Candidate Earl Warren (Dewey's 1948 vice-presidential running mate) at a \$100-a-plate Manhattan Republican dinner:

"I am not campaigning for the presidency of the United States, thank God, and I do not have to make six speeches a day like Earl Warren. I am viewing the passing scene with the greatest serenity of my life, and I am thinking that poor guy will have to make those trips, not me. You have no idea what a wonderful thing that is."

Illinois to the Sea

Illinois was a Taft victory six ways from the middle—the Middle West, that is. Candidate Taft roused out more Republicans for last week's presidential primary than had voted in an Illinois election since 1932. In traditionally Democratic Cook County—Chicago and suburbs—Republicans cast more ballots than Democrats. Taft rolled up 862,000 votes, rolled over Harold Stassen (145,600) and an ill-conceived Eisenhower write-in movement (135,300) sponsored by the Chicago Sun-Times. He lost only one delegate to Eisenhower, and came out of Illinois with the other 59 in the bag—the largest single bundle thus far in the campaign.

It was a "smashing" victory, said a triumphant Robert Taft in Washington next day. Illinois' Congressman Les Arends joyfully clapped back on Taft's head an old Taft campaign hat which Arends had bought at a G.O.P. fund-raising auction the week before. Taft added up the Illinois results for reporters with the enthusiasm of an electric calculator ticking off a problem in square root. "It is no easy task to defeat a popular wartime general in successive elections [i.e., Nebraska and Illinois]. In the fourth largest state of the Union I have carried the state by a smashing margin of six to one against him . . . The Illinois results finally eradicate the Minnesota write-in results [Ike 107,000, Taft 24,000] ballyhooed so vigorously by the internationalist press."

Then Taft turned his attention to the windup of the primary campaign in "in-



CONGRESSMAN ARENS & FRIEND

In the Midwest, a bag; in California, corn into cornflakes.



ACTOR MONTGOMERY & ADMIRER

International, United Press

internationalist" New Jersey. Both the Taft and Ike forces were jumpy over Jersey. Both tried hard to discount this week's results in advance.

Taft had angrily tried to withdraw his name from New Jersey last month after Ike's big victory in Minnesota, charging that New Jersey's pro-Eisenhower Governor Alfred Driscoll had betrayed him by coming out for Eisenhower. But Taft's name stayed on the ballot, and although Taft himself kept out of the state, and Taft men assiduously cultivated the underdog role, his lieutenants worked harder than ever to push his campaign. "As a matter of fact, they never stopped working," complained Driscoll last week. "The Senator's campaign is on a very practical basis."

If so, the basis was understandable. Illinois left Taft facing a very practical problem. With Taft's victory in Illinois and Eisenhower's decision to return to the U.S., the Taft-Eisenhower battle has become a tense, tight fight right down to the last delegate. Most states with the big—and still wavering—blocks of delegates lie close to the U.S. seaboard. Taft's political future may well depend on his ability to fight his way out of the Midwest toward the sea.

The Quiet Struggle

In smoky backrooms and crowded hotel suites, in the states where delegates to the national conventions are selected by party convention without the fanfare of primary elections, the struggle for delegates went quietly on. Last week's results:

¶ In Kansas, the Eisenhower forces took firm control of the statewide G.O.P. convention. They refused to ratify a Taft man recommended by the Sixth Congressional District as a delegate-at-large (TIME, March 17), installed an Ike man in his place. But the convention was unable to do anything about the Sixth's two regular delegates, both Taft men. Final Kansas score: Eisenhower 20, Taft 2.

¶ In Kentucky, the smooth-running Taft organization topped off a week of district

victories by capturing all four delegates-at-large at the G.O.P. state convention. Final Kentucky score: Taft 19, Eisenhower 1.

DEMOCRATS

The Third Man

While Taft and Eisenhower dueled on the front pages for headlines and votes, the third man busted quietly around the country. Tennessee's Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver, coonskin cap a-perch on his head, pretty wife smiling at his side, was convincing thousands at the fork of the crick that he was THE Democratic candidate for the presidency. In the five weeks since carrying the New Hampshire primary, he had proved himself a truly magnificent handshaker, fried chicken eater, baby admirer, Kiwanis hypnotizer and a past master of the big platitudes.

Kefauver exuded energy, good will and sincerity. His corn came out cornflakes, full of modern, vitaminized pop, crackle and snap. He was a serious fellow, who seemed only to slap backs and ride kids' bicycles because he is warm and human and not stuck up, and likes people. The Democratic professionals in Washington were horrified. Last week, no longer able to pooh-pooh Kefauver as an amateur and an upstart, they were taking serious steps to stop him at any cost.

The Favorite Sons. Their strategy was simple. Unable at the moment to match him with a worthy competitor, they planned to grab the balance of power by nurturing a long list of favorite sons—among them Averell Harriman in New York, Governor Paul Dever in Massachusetts, Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams in Michigan, Vice President Alben Barkley in Kentucky—who could be counted on to keep their state delegations on ice, out of Kefauver's reach.

Meanwhile, having raced unopposed through the Illinois primary, Kefauver headed west to campaign, wearing the air of a man who had no doubts at all about his fitness to serve as President. He visit-

ed Hollywood studios (and gave Actor George Montgomery a coonskin cap to wear as Daniel Boone in *The Pathfinder*), shook hands with 1,500 Democrats at a San Francisco box supper, and not only soothed audiences with generalities but stood up and took a stand on some controversial issues.

Despite the fact that California is an oil state, Kefauver declared himself against the Tidelands oil bill. And he said he was in favor of telling the Chinese Communists to put up or shut up about peace in Korea, and of chasing them across the Yalu if they didn't sign on the dotted line after a reasonable period.

No Favors Wanted. When he was asked about the Stop Kefauver drive, Kefauver didn't blink an eye. "I have heard no such report," he said blandly, "and I discount it. The National Committee is supposed to keep a hands-off policy in relation to candidates, and as far as I know, is doing that. I ask no favors . . . and this is as it ought to be."

For all Kefauver's brave words, the thought of one favorite son in particular hung heavy over his head. Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson (who handily won renomination last week) was still trying to make up his mind as to whether he would be a presidential candidate. But he had promised to "clarify" his position some time this week. If the clarification meant yes, Stevenson would become the first real roadblock between Kefauver and the Democratic nomination.

Exit Texas Tom

Texas first sent Tom Connally to Congress in 1917, and he arrived just in time to cast his first vote for the declaration of war against Germany. He moved up to the Senate in 1929, climbed the seniority ladder, and in nearly nine years as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee labored to translate New and Fair Deal foreign policy into senatorial action.

Texas Tom often talked and acted like a minor statesman, but his instincts on foreign affairs were generally simple, sound

and shrewd. In committee hearings, he delighted in pricking such Administration witnesses as Secretary of State Dean Acheson and Presidential Adviser Averell Harriman. Frequently, he provoked howls from the Foreign Offices across the world by his sharp, irascible outbursts. (Recent sample: "France must be told that she cannot rely upon the U.S. to defend her and to hand out large sums of money . . . France must do her duty.")

This week, at 74, old Tom formally bowed out as a candidate for re-election, leaving the field to Texas' anti-Fair Deal Attorney General Price Daniel. Daniel had made remarkable headway in his campaign by exploiting Tom's connections with Truman and Acheson, and questioning (unjustly) Tom's enthusiasm for a bill to give tidelands oil back to Texas. "My friends in Texas say I could be re-elected," said Tom, "but it would require a bitter—no, not bitter—an arduous campaign . . . It might kill me."

INVESTIGATIONS Hold that Tiger!

When he got the hook after two months and three days as a political whitewashing, Newbold Morris began acting for all the world like a tiger being dragged out of a meatshop. "We've got rid of Howard McGrath, and it took only two months," he cried. "If they gave me six months we would have gotten others." Judge James P. McGranery, McGrath's successor as Attorney General, he added, was "a real whitewasher."

Although Morris had managed to do little during his tour in Washington but print up some questionnaires, make enemies, and get asked embarrassing questions about his part in a highly profitable tanker deal (*TIME*, March 24), it was a fairly impressive exit—noisy, dramatic and calculated to leave the listener with a mental picture of Newbold grinding malefactors up like pecans between his strong, white teeth. But last week, bounding back onstage again for a series of curtain calls, he started talking just like Newbold Morris and ruined the whole effect.

Working fast, Morris dictated a series of six articles, entitled "What I Learned in Washington," for the New York *World-Telegram & the Sun*. It could have been fairly adequately summed up simply by printing sentences one and four of article No. One. They read: "I found the Federal Government in Washington a wonderland" and "I found out that those who say I'm a political dope are right."

Then he hastened to take back what he had said about Judge McGranery. Speaking at a Washington press club luncheon, he said he regretted his rash statement and offered to make a public apology. And he seemed to have come around to thinking that Howard McGrath was more to be pitied than censured. "I hope," he said, "that he will return . . . to useful public service." He thought Harry Truman was a fine little fellow too: "Harry Truman has guts [and] his instincts are humble."

In an appearance before a congressional committee, Morris made it plain that he was against corruption and thought Washington was full of it, but he never quite got around to saying where and what it was. In reviewing his unhappy two months, he said, in effect, that everyone had politely sabotaged him and that he had decided to bide his time and see which side the President would back. But in the end the President backed nobody and both he and McGrath had ended up "lying around like bodies in the last act of Hamlet."

But if he did nothing else during the week, Morris did manage to write a line which could serve beautifully as his political epitaph: "They think I'm something like Alice in Wonderland coming down here," he recalled having told President Truman, "They don't know what I'm talking about. Maybe I don't speak the right language."



FRANK NATHAN
A ring, a ting and a real good thing.

Easy Work

How can anyone make \$57,000 by one telephone call? Last week the Senate's permanent investigating committee called in an ex-vegetable huckster named Frank Nathan and asked him point blank. There's nothing to it, said Nathan, nothing to it at all.

One day back in 1948, while thumbing through a War Assets Administration brochure, he noticed that a Government aluminum plant in California was for sale. He called a Brooklyn junk dealer named Joe Labowitz and told him the news. Labowitz, in the words of another witness, "shoehorned in" on a syndicate which was about to buy the plant, and got 20% of the profit. After a while he sent 10%, or \$5,700, to Nathan. That was all there was to it.

Nathan was not at all perturbed while being questioned by the committee. But

he did look a little anxious afterward. "What time is it?" he asked. When he caught sight of a clock on the wall nearby, his face brightened again. "Good," said he, with obvious relief, "I still got time to get to the track."

Social Notes

To be considered a man of distinction among the U.S. brotherhood of fixers, shady dealers and influence peddlers, it has become virtually mandatory to be tapped for contempt of Congress. Last week two more big-name members of the tribe were sporting their lodge emblems.

¶ In Washington, bald, jovial Henry W. ("The Dutchman") Grunewald, the semi-mystery man of the income-tax scandals, was cited by unanimous (334-0) vote of the House. The members found him in contempt for "wilful and deliberate" refusal to cooperate with the Ways & Means Committee, which was trying to find out about his part in several juicy tax fixes. ¶ In Manhattan, Gambler Frank Costello, who was convicted of contempt of the Senate's Crime Investigating Committee (and promptly appealed), was sentenced by Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan to 18 months and \$5,000. Said Costello, in polite if gravel-voiced tones: "Thank you."

PHILANTHROPY Ford's Legacy

The Ford Foundation, with assets of some \$500 million bequeathed by Henry Ford and his son Edsel, is the world's biggest private philanthropic enterprise. Its objectives are even bigger: "to reduce [international] tensions" and "to increase maturity of judgment and stability of purpose in the U.S. and abroad." Last week, just before Foundation President Paul Hoffman began a leave of absence to help run the Eisenhower campaign, he helped open the first year's operations.

Hoffman's report listed 37 widely diversified grants totaling \$22,331,000. Some of them betrayed the inevitable influence of intellectual do-gooders, e.g., a \$75,000 project to study "the basic resemblances and differences . . . among the principal patterns of thought and life that are now important in the human community." But the bulk of the money went for more practical projects. The main grants: ¶ \$6,550,000 in technical aid, especially for training schools and scientific farming instruction in India, Pakistan and the Middle East. Sample project: a \$500,000 college of agriculture at the American University of Beirut.

¶ \$11,900,000 to improve educational practices in the U.S. through a dozen projects ranging from college fellowships to a plan for "more mature" television.

¶ \$1,300,500 to strengthen the Free University of Berlin.

¶ \$1,000,000 to the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) to further its relief and rehabilitation work in Israel, Italy and Japan.

¶ \$785,000 for aid to refugees from the Soviet Union.

WEATHER

The Mighty Missouri

Spring came to the Midwest last week and with it the rush of rising waters. As heavy snow packs in the Dakotas melted in the warming weather, the Missouri and a score of lesser rivers swelled in floods that threatened to be the worst in valley history.

Running as much as ten feet over flood stage, and ten miles wide in stretches, the muddy Missouri surged through the Dakotas, Iowa and Nebraska, leaving thousands homeless, more than 1,000,000 acres of farm land inundated, millions of dollars in damage. Whole sections of Pierre, S. Dak., were swamped as the river crashed through the flood walls. Power went out, and with it the city's pumping system, leaving a shortage of drinking water.

Downstream, Sioux City, Iowa and South Sioux City, Neb., were almost isolated by the floods. With only one road out of town still open and water in the streets rising near the second-story mark, South Sioux City all but gave up the fight. Mayor Wilbur Allen urged the entire population (5,557) to evacuate, keeping only the top floors of the high school open as a refugee center.

While awaiting the river's assault, the more populous Omaha-Council Bluffs area worked feverishly to strengthen flood walls, assisted by thousands of Army troops, National Guardsmen and Army Engineers. A two-foot "flashboard" was being added to the 31½-ft. levee and flood wall at Omaha. But its value was as much psychological as physical. Few expected the levee to withstand the pressure of a predicted 31½-ft. flood crest. After inspecting the inadequate dikes and flood walls, Brigadier General Don G. Shingler, Missouri River Division Engineer, remarked gloomily: "The Missouri is coming with a rip and a roar. We're in a hell of a lot of trouble."

Many people weren't waiting to find out. This week, as the flood crest swelled downstream, scores of smaller communities were virtual ghost towns as residents evacuated their homes, leaving only armed rowboat patrols behind to guard against looters.

DISASTERS

Easter Excursion

A near-capacity load of 64 passengers, most of them Puerto Ricans, filed aboard the Pan American World Airways' DC-4, leaving Puerto Rico on a tourist-rate (\$64) flight to New York for Easter. At 11:11 a.m., with a crew of five, the four-engine airliner took off from San Juan's Isla Grande Airport. Minutes later, the pilot reported engine trouble. At 11:22, the crippled plane, unable to reach the airport again, crashed into the sea. Battered by ten-foot waves, it broke up and sank in two minutes.

In those chaotic last moments, a Minnesota couple passed their two-year-old son through a window to a life raft, then were

trapped in the sinking plane. Lieut. Commander John Natwing leaped from a Coast Guard amphibian that landed at the scene, seized one drowning passenger, and fought off sharks for half an hour until they were both pulled to safety. Another hero was the DC-4's captain. He helped some passengers out of the plane and managed to float four life rafts before the plane sank. He hauled a baby and an elderly woman to a raft, and went back to rescue a third floundering passenger.

The captain was John C. Burn, hero of an earlier Pan American crash. When his plane went down in the Tagus River near Lisbon in 1943, he rescued Singer Jane Froman from drowning despite his own broken back. The two were married in 1948, the bride still on crutches. When reporters brought the news of last week's crash to her Manhattan apartment, she cried: "It can't happen to us again." Then

MANNERS & MORALS

Americana

¶ Mayors of three Florida cities indicated their opinion of California weather with a hearty bit of dumb show when they arrived at Los Angeles for a visit last week. As soon as they stepped off the plane, they began struggling into parkas, raincoats, and putting up umbrellas. One donned skis, another skates, and the third a pair of snowshoes. As if in reply, thunder rolled, lightning flashed and hail and torrential rain fell on the city.

¶ Hal D. Dickinson of Columbus, Ohio gave up trying to keep the five children from incessant telephoning, ordered a second line run into his home and had its number listed in the directory, beneath his own, as Children's Telephone.

¶ Cincinnati learned with amazement that crusty, close-mouthed Dr. Sidney



PILOT BURN & WIFE
"It can't happen to us again."

she learned that her husband was hospitalized in San Juan with minor injuries, and flew to Puerto Rico for a bedside reunion. He was one of only 17 survivors. The dead and missing totaled 52.

The Civil Aeronautics Board reported last week on the crash of a nonscheduled DC-4 airliner last December at Elizabeth, N.J. which took 56 lives—the first of three successive crashes within the city limits. The primary cause: engine cylinder-head nuts which had been screwed on too tightly, stripping the threads. Thus weakened, the head of No. 10 cylinder blew off in flight, drenching the engine with raw gasoline, which burst into flames. The plane then stalled and crashed. The report also charged the plane's owners, Miami Airlines Inc., with "inadequate" pilot training, overloading the plane with an unlisted passenger, and failure to investigate suspicious oil drippings on an engine cowling.

Lange, a 72-year-old bachelor and the city's first X-ray specialist, was one of the richest men in town. By investing his money in stocks & bonds at the depth of the depression and riding the bull market, the doctor ran up a stake of \$8,000,000. The news got out only because the doctor adopted a simple moneysaving scheme to speed up his financial operation: failing to pay a fortune in income taxes. Last week, turned in by an informer and indicted for tax evasion, the doctor was crustily waiting to see how much Uncle Sam would grab.

¶ 1951 was the worst year for traffic accidents since the invention of the horseless carriage according to figures released by the Travelers Insurance Co. The dead: 37,100. The injured: 1,962,600. Peak hour for deaths came between 6 and 7 o'clock at night: for injuries, between 4 and 5 in the afternoon. The most dangerous day for driving: Saturday.

NEWS IN PICTURES



GRAPHIC SIGN on Korean front reminds G.I.s that 19% of casualties are head wounds of unhelmeted men. (U.S. dead to date: 18,723.)



FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL: Within sight of Panmunjom truce tent where negotiators this week held the shortest (15 seconds) session



SOLAR SALT, evaporated from sea, is stockpiled 200 ft. and 200,000 tons high at Baumberg, Calif. Bulldozer makes trucks for hopper.



SIX-STATE FLOOD: Fed by melting snow from last winter's great storms, the Missouri River went on a 1,000-mile rampage that might



United Press
nine-month talk-stall, South Korean farmers begin their annual battle for minimum food needs. Seed and fertilizer are supplied by U.N.



Francis Miller—U.S.
be the worst since 1881 and had already swamped a million acres.
Above: main street of Fort Pierre, S. Dak., with river at 25-ft. crest.



United Press
"MAMA'S OUT," snarled Linda Lee King, two, of Malden, Mass. And she was—locked out by Linda. Firemen came to mother's rescue.



Associated Press
COILED RAIL, striking at derailed car in Chicago-Cincinnati train that jumped tracks, missed sleeping passenger by scant six inches.

WAR IN ASIA

BATTLE OF KOREA Back to the Land

Spring moved north across the scarred face of Korea. Beyond Seoul, the forsythia was yellow and the trees were in leaf. At Panmunjom, the U.N. negotiators waited for some break in the wall of Communist obduracy; in the mud of the front lines, the soldiers waited their turn to go home. Thousands of Korean farmers could not wait. They moved north with the spring, a patient, hopeful tide, back to their own acres or to those of families wiped out in the war.

Tragic victims of battle, the South Koreans as a whole came through the winter (mildest in a quarter-century) fairly well, although in the towns and cities hoarding, inflation and last year's drought made food hard to come by. To cut down imports of food, authorities resolved that the maximum of land should be worked this year. In the south, where the R.O.K. army's winter operations had almost cleaned out guerrillas, plowing and planting were already well along. In central Korea, farmers moved in close under the stabilized battle line.

The U.N. has bought 171,000 tons of fertilizer (superphosphate and ammonium sulphate) on world markets; 50,000 tons have already been unloaded at Pusan and Inchon. Except in a few drought-stricken areas, there is enough seed rice for this year's crop. For those who cannot pay or get credit, seed and fertilizer are doled out free. The *myeon jons*, or township supervisors, are settling disputes and watching out for claim jumpers. So far there has been little trouble: by annihilating one farm family in ten, war has made enough land for all.

The "Gooney Bird"

The ten-year-old C-47 never before carried such strange armaments or unusual people. Instead of guns, the army ingloriously stuck a huge loudspeaker into the old "Gooney Bird's" black belly. And every night, two young Korean girls, looking like high school students, clambered into the "Gooney Bird" and settled down for a night's work.

While many a faster, flashier cousin was earthbound last week for lack of targets, the C-47 creaked in slow circles over enemy territory as the girls broadcast a steady chatter to the Communist soldiers below. Unperturbed by the heavy flak which broadcasting planes invariably draw, the two girls talked about hardships on the front and the spring planting that was being neglected back home.

"Gooney Bird" flights are designed not to induce surrenders but to create unrest. By week's end, however, the Communists themselves gave the "Gooney Bird" its biggest pat on the tail. The two girls, known only as Miss L. and Miss C., to the Communists, were officially branded as war criminals.

BATTLE OF MALAYA Collective Punishment

For eight days the 20,000 people of Tanjong Malim had been confined to their homes. In the brief two hours a day in which they were allowed out to buy a reduced ration of rice, they had to pawn belongings to pay shopkeepers' soaring prices.

Britain's new High Commissioner for Malaya, General Sir Gerald Templer, intended that the people of Tanjong Malim should suffer. It was his way of punishing them for having failed to supply information about the Communist terrorist



MALAYA'S TEMPLER
A new method to find Communists.

who had murdered twelve men of a pipeline repair gang near by (*TIME*, April 7).

In Britain there was uneasiness about High Commissioner Templer's high-handed methods. Said Laborite Lord Listowel, one-time Colonial Minister: "Collective punishment will turn many people . . . hitherto unconcerned about politics, into Communist sympathizers." In the House of Commons 124 Labor M.P.s introduced a motion protesting collective punishment in Malaya. But Templer had more in mind than mere reprisal.

On the ninth curfew day his soldiers began pounding Tanjong Malim doors. They handed each householder an envelope containing a letter from Templer and a questionnaire form. Wrote George Templer (in Malay, Chinese and Tamil): "If you are a Communist, I do not expect you to reply. If you are not, I want you to give as much information as possible . . . It is quite safe . . . none will know which form comes from which house. Do not sign your name unless you want to . . ."

Off & On. Templer's questionnaire asked to identify local Communists, their recruiting agents, propagandists, and those shops supplying them with food and materials. British soldiers collected the forms in locked boxes. In the government residence at Kuala Lumpur, Templer opened the boxes in the presence of six representatives from Tanjong Malim, sent them home with a large photograph of the opening ceremony.

Templer refused to say what he found in the questionnaires, or how many were blanks, but within four days his men had arrested 28 suspected Communist collaborators, among them several prosperous shopkeepers. Last week in the central playing field at Tanjong Malim, the populace was assembled before a platform decorated with loudspeakers and British and Malayan flags. The people were told that the 22-hour curfew was lifted. Men with 13 days' lost work to make up, and mothers anxious for their pale, sickly children heaved audible sighs of relief.

Immediately, 70 miles to the south, Templer clamped a new curfew and a reduced rice ration on the 4,000 inhabitants of Sungai Pelek. Here Templer hoped his new curfew-and-questionnaire technique would smoke out the whereabouts of 30-year-old Liew Kon Kim, a shrewd Communist leader known as "the bearded wonder." Templer imposed another curfew on 80 square miles of Communist-terrorized rubber estates and tin mines between Kuala Lumpur and Pahang state.

Sporty Warfare. Obviously the bristly little general, after only nine weeks as British High Commissioner, was of a mind to seize the initiative from the Communists. For his reorganized forces Templer has ordered quantities of U.S. Army carbines, which he reckons the best jungle-fighting weapon. He has asked Britain for large helicopters to enable his fighters to outflank the Communists from the air. He plans to use chemical warfare, but a unique kind, non-injurious to man or beast. Low-flying light planes will spray plant-killing chemicals on the inaccessible jungle garden plots where the Communists grow their food. Roadside strips of jungle are also being sprayed to destroy natural cover favoring ambuscades.

He has launched a re-examination of the grievances of Chinese residents, from which much of Malaya's unrest stems, with the object of finding a way by which Chinese in Malaya may gain some of the privileges of citizenship without offending the Malayan natives, who are now a minority. He has mapped a campaign to bring Chinese into home guard units. Nor did he hesitate to criticize the local British. Said he pointedly, at a Rotary meeting in Kuala Lumpur last week: "The Communists seldom go to races, give dinner parties and cocktail parties or play golf." Says Templer: "I could win this war in three months, if I could get two-thirds of the people on my side."

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Soso's Lullaby

Soso Stalin (as his intimates call him, using the Georgian for Joe) was hip deep in sycophantic congratulations last week, the kind that dictators always expect but are shrewd enough never to overvalue. The occasion was the 30th anniversary of his election as general secretary of the Party. No other leader in the world has been in power as long. Back in April 1922, in Lenin's declining days, when Stalin was forging his way to the top, Harding was President of the U.S., Lloyd George was Prime Minister of Britain, Raymond Poincaré Premier of France, and somebody named Luigi Facta ruled Italy—all of them long since dead.

That 30th anniversary was the most significant fact about last week's wary maneuvering between East & West. For Joseph Stalin in those 30 years has ruthlessly consolidated power in his own country, survived a catastrophic war, shown a genius for organization, an ability to raise up obedient lieutenants and to discard them at will, a talent for calculated and patient diplomacy and a flair for timing. Last week, at 72, the old pro was waging what editorial writers—using a habitual but meaningless phrase—called a new "peace offensive."

Actually, the old pro is trying to create an illusion of relaxed tensions. He got the impression over (for those still impressionable) with a minimum of expenditure. He telegraphed U.S. editors that war was not inevitable; he blandly charmed an Indian ambassador into believing that a little talk would settle anything. At Pannum-jom, the Communist "newspapermen" confided in U.S. correspondents that a Korean truce was just around the corner—launching a flood of optimistic news stories.

These were but minor roundlays. The two most important Russian lullabies, arranged for full propaganda choir and orchestra, were these:

Trade: The Communist world economic conference, in an atmosphere of glistening candelabras, ended in Moscow. The big news was the negotiation by private British traders and the Chinese Communists of a \$56 million barter deal—subject to later approval by the British Board of Trade. Britain would exchange textiles, chemicals and metals in return for Chinese coal, tea, soybeans and peanut oil. Talk of textiles was meant to tantalize the depressed cotton towns of Lancashire, but the whole deal rang a little phony. Obviously what mattered to the Chinese was the other 65% of the deal—the chemicals and the metals. "Our advice to members at present," said the F.B.I. (Federation of British Industries, the British equivalent of the N.A.M.), "is to have nothing to do with it."

GERMANY: Russia sent the Western allies a new diplomatic note about Stalin's month-old proposal for a united, rearmed

and "independent" Germany. Russia would not let the U.N. supervise free elections in all Germany, but had a counterproposal: let them be supervised by the Big Four who are responsible for carrying out the Potsdam Agreement (whose other clauses Stalin has already thrown to the winds). That would give Stalin, in effect, a veto capable of operating at every stage and a chance to rig the polls.

This Russian lullaby had the desired effect of lulling some Germans and raising the hopes of others. To counter it, Allied negotiators and Chancellor Adenauer's men worked far into the night at Bonn, with the Germans occasionally reaching

got it all-round for being "cruel," "backward" and "domineering," and only a spot of praise as "hard-working."

At home, each nation thought well of itself. Americans saw themselves as "peace-loving" (82%), "generous" (76%), "intelligent" (72%). All the others also put peace-loving high on their lists, except the Germans and Italians, who listed these outstanding virtues: "hard-working," "intelligent" and "brave." The most self-satisfied people were the English. Though they rated the Americans as conceited, they led the list in the number of virtues (21) they claimed for themselves for each fault they conceded they had. For Americans and Australians, the ratio was 13 to 1. Most modest: the Italians (8 to 1).

Six Million Ghosts

What reparations could ever make amends for the six million Jews wiped out by Hitler's Germany? "Dollars for the gas chamber—impossible!" cried the Ruhr's *Westdeutsche Neue Presse*. The Germans, cold and businesslike, did not want to dwell on these past horrors. The Jews, an official delegation from Israel, did not want the Germans to consider their unpayable debt paid. So no one talked about the wasted bodies, parchment-white, stacked high in Nazi extermination camps. Yet that was what the negotiations were really about last week, in a suburb of The Hague.

Specifically, the talks involved reparations for resettling in Israel 500,000 Jews who escaped the Nazis. The Israelis asked \$1 billion, insisting it was strictly a cost figure, no damages included. The Israelis felt uncomfortable even to be discussing this subject with Germans, but their countrymen were hard-pressed.

The Germans stiffly conceded that they should pay cash, and muttered about a \$750,000 total. But, they added, the Israelis would have to take their place in the line of 30 Allied creditor nations whose World War II claims are being negotiated in London. West Germany could only pay what it could afford to pay.

At this point, the Israeli delegation angrily accused the Germans of Welching, and broke off the talks. The memory of six million murders flitted briefly across the inside pages of the world's newspapers, and then was locked away again.

SHAPE

Venus on a Tewt

At first it was prosaically called "CPX 1," though it was really something like a TEWT, meaning tactical exercise without troops. Gathered in Paris last week were 199 top generals, admirals and air commanders from 13 NATO countries. They met behind closed doors to discuss what to do if the Russians attacked. After four days of it, a lovely two-star general had a new name for the exercise: Venus de Milo—no arms but plenty of SHAPE.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Save the Franc

In a month as Premier of France, wispy-looking Antoine Pinay, 60, had lost nine pounds. Most of it he lost preparing for the showdown that came last week over France's 1952 budget. He well knew that the budget had been the downfall of his two predecessors—René Plevens and Edgar Faure. They tried to balance the budget by taxing more; he proposed to do it by spending less. His simple suggestion had a staggering success.

In the Chamber of Deputies one evening Premier Pinay, a newcomer to the political big time, went straight to the heart of France's economic turmoil. "Currency," he said, "is the image of our country. As soon as the franc recaptures its position, France will return to its former rank." To restore the franc—and France—Pinay demanded ten different votes of confidence. He got them, all in one night—a new record. His plan:

- ¶ Slash government expenditure by 110 billion francs.
- ¶ Cut down government investment in capital construction (e.g., dams and power plants), encourage private investors to put up the cash instead.
- ¶ Grant an "amnesty" to all previous tax delinquents.
- ¶ Punish all future tax dodging severely (e.g., post the names of all offenders on public notice boards).

The Hero. His amnesty proposal provoked the most serious opposition. Self-righteous Communists denounced it as "immoral"; Gaullist Deputy André Diethelm called it "a pact with the devil." Pinay fought back. From his notes in a big cardboard folder he drew some startling statistics. Example: French peasants and the *petit bourgeois* have hoarded more than 15 times as much gold as there is in the Bank of France. The obvious reasons: 1) Frenchmen distrust their own paper currency, which seems to buy less every day; 2) many wealthy Frenchmen have avoided paying taxes for so long that they no longer dare invest their money for fear of being found out. By restoring confidence in the franc, and by waiving prosecution of past tax offenders, Pinay hoped to lure back into useful circulation some \$10 billion worth of hoarded jewels, dollars and bullion. He won his point narrowly: 259 to 210. At 1 a.m., his budget passed intact.

A singularly ordinary Frenchman who runs a tannery in Saint-Chamond, the shoelace capital of France, Antoine Pinay celebrated his victory by staying up until 2 a.m. in a middlebrow beer parlor on the Seine's Left Bank. At week's end he left Paris for the French Riviera, intent on getting back his lost nine pounds.

He had become, almost overnight, the most popular politician in France. "Everywhere I go," reported Minister of the Interior Charles Brune, "... Pinay is

applauded in the newsreels. He is the first politician since De Gaulle who has received spontaneous applause."

Frenchmen like Pinay because he boldly attacked the problem that troubled them most: high retail prices. In his four weeks in office, butter prices had fallen from 880 to 760 francs per kilo; milk and cheese were down 15%. Pinay had worked no miracles (meat prices are still rising). As a right-wing businessman, he had merely consulted the men he knows best: France's business leaders. He persuaded department-store owners to back a price reduction campaign. He called it "Save the Franc." Some cynical shoppers thought the price cuts were more apparent



Robert Cohen—Black Star

Premier PINAY

Overnight, the most popular politician.

than real; still, they were a step in the right direction.

Double or Quits. By fortunate coincidence, French gold is flowing back home from riot-torn Tunisia, and industrial production is at an alltime high. Result: the franc is growing stronger (the dollar bought 36 francs fewer than it did the week before). No longer did people talk about the inevitability of devaluation.

This did not mean that France was back on its feet, or that Pinay had succeeded. But he had already passed one political miracle: proving that the hitherto solid Gaullist bloc could be split, and that a government could be formed without kowtowing to the Socialists (TUES. March 17). Now he was gambling, double or quits, on a return of confidence. If tax dodgers went on dodging, if France's hidden capital stayed in hiding, if stores raised prices and labor pushed up wages, the defense of the franc would collapse. Pinay had done his best; the rest was up to everybody else's common sense.

A Fistful of Louis

Some claim that the captain had sworn not to tell what he was carrying; some that he never knew. One thing was certain: if the cargo lashed down in the hold of the brig *Télémaque* that January night in 1790 was really nails and tar, as the manifest stated, it was wrapped in astonishing secrecy. As the little vessel passed the Seine-side village of Villequier on her way to Le Havre and the open sea, a cutter of the revolutionary government decided to investigate, and ordered the *Télémaque* to heave to. Instead, she made a break for it, and raced down the Seine on the crest of the tide. Off the village of Quillebeuf, she hit a sandbank, broached to and capsized. By the time her captain and crew of twelve had swum the 120-odd meters to shore, the *Télémaque* had sunk.

For three months, the soldiers of the Revolution tried to pull the *Télémaque* off the bottom. While they grappled, speculations on the nature of her true cargo spread up & down the river's bank. She was loaded, it was said, with the fortunes of some 30 fleeing aristocrats, close to 3,000,000 francs in gold sent out by Louis XVI and a fabulous diamond necklace (reported value: 1,500,000 gold francs) belonging to Marie Antoinette.

Four times since then, salvage experts have tried to bring up the *Télémaque*. In 1939 a diver, wallowing through the mud at the Seine's bottom, reached blindly into a barrel in the sunken hulk and came up with a fistful of gold louis. His employers decided to bring up the brig whole. They slung cables under the wreck and hauled away, but when the slimy mess at last came to the surface, it consisted of only the forward part of the brig. The after part, presumably containing the treasure, still lurked on the bottom. By that time, Hitler's armies were bearing down on France, and the salvage operation was called off.

Last week, in a Seine-side workshop near Paris, salvage engineers were once again assembling equipment for a try at the *Télémaque* treasure. Anything they find must be split 50-50 with the government. They hope the brig will yield 25 billion francs. Wasn't that estimate a little high? The engineer in charge was asked. He shrugged his shoulders and stared riverward with a look peculiar to dedicated treasure hunters. "If we find just 200,000 gold francs, we break even," he said. "All the rest will be clear profit."

SWITZERLAND

Ready & Unworried

Switzerland, which has not been invaded since 1815, believes in keeping its powder dry, its nose clean and its cupboard full. Two years ago, fearing a World War III, the Swiss government advised its citizens to stock up their pantries. Last week,

apprehensive lest its citizens are becoming too complacent, the War Office urged all householders to look to their larders again. For the first time, the War Office arranged for the sale of a \$2 package containing a minimum one-person, two-month ration of imported products (two kilos of rice, two of sugar, and one liter of oil). Did the War Office fear a war? Not at all, said a spokesman—just being vigilant and prudent in order to stay calm.

GREAT BRITAIN

A Little Goading

For months Winston Churchill's Tories smiled in smug satisfaction at the division in Labor's ranks, and sometimes slyly tried to widen the breach. Last week the Laborites were gazing hopefully at a small rift in the ranks of the Conservatives. It was led by a group of young Tory backbenchers.

For the six months that the Conservatives have been in power, the backbenchers have had nothing but alibis to offer their constituents in place of the golden promises made on the hustings of more red meat and fewer controls. In a local election, depression-ridden Lancashire had just voted Labour for the first time in its history. Eleven of the rebellious Tory backbenchers seized on the Lancashire slump to demand that Chancellor Rab Butler lift the purchase tax on textiles. When he would not, four more Tories joined the revolt.

Last week Churchill's youngsters were getting so rebellious that the master himself decided to drop in on the backbench organization still known as the 1922 Committee, though only a handful of today's backbenchers were M.P.s in 1922. The Prime Minister got a rousing cheer when he told the rebels of the government's plans "to denationalize road haulage at the earliest possible moment." Then, step by step, the Prime Minister covered the points at issue. "He went over the same old ground," said one backbencher. "but somehow, if the Old Man took you from Piccadilly Circus to Kensington every day for a year, the trip would still be fascinating."

Before the week was done, the wily old political warrior made known his plans to give junior cabinet rank to several backbenchers, including brainy young Iain MacLeod, who successfully argued down Nye Bevan last month, and who writes a bridge column for the *Sunday Times*.

"There's still nobody like him," said one mollified rebel after Churchill's appearance, "but he'll be all the better for a little goading from us."

The Awful Weapon

A breech-loading carbine made especially for King George I of England went on display in the Tower of London last week. The French Huguenot refugee who made it, back in the 18th century, predicted that his weapon was so frightful that it would shortly put an end to all wars.

Pennies for the Poor

"Bloody Mary" was the first female sovereign to perform the ancient ceremony. She did the job thoroughly, crawling the whole length of Westminster Abbey on her knees. Her half-sister, Elizabeth I, introduced a fastidious innovation. She made sure that the yeomen of the royal laundry had washed the paupers' feet thoroughly and doused them with sweet herbs against infection before she herself laid hand or lips to them. By last week, when Elizabeth II (in her first official public appearance since the funeral of her father) performed the traditional Maundy Thursday rites, the paupers' footwashing had been reduced to the merest symbolism:



MAUNDY THURSDAY: ELIZABETH II AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Bloody Mary crawled on her knees.

"Topical" Press Agency Ltd.

white linen aprons worn by her yeomen bodyguards. In the Abbey ceremony, however, the Queen followed faithfully the custom of her ancestors in distributing white purses of maundy money (26 pence worth of specially minted silver coins) to 26 men and 26 women (one for each year of her age), all carefully chosen and suitably aged and indigent.

Elizabeth II last week made clear her intention of leaving a more recent family tradition (her surname) well enough alone. The Queen announced officially "her will and pleasure that she and her children shall be styled and known as the House and Family of Windsor." That put at rest the rumor that Prince Charles might become the first of a new line, the Mountbattens, after his father, who took the name Mountbatten from his mother's family, although he himself properly belongs to the house of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg.

and the non-Communist Osoppo brigade had been fighting as one division. The Osoppos were commanded by a tough regular army officer named Francesco de Gregori, whose *nom de guerre* was Bolla ("Bubble"). In the autumn of 1944 Bolla discovered that the Garibaldis were playing footie with Yugoslav Communists, and were more interested in grabbing chunks of Italian territory for Tito than fighting the common enemy. When Bolla's division commander, a Communist, ordered the division across the border for incorporation into the Yugoslav army, Bolla refused to move his brigade.

One February morning in 1945 a posse of 150 Garibaldis set out before dawn, slogged through snowy upland pastures toward Bolla's headquarters. As they approached, they hid their weapons under their overcoats, and told the sleepy guards that they were partisans looking for shelter. Once inside, they shot and killed Bolla and three others. They looted the Osoppo sup-

ITALY

777 Years

Late in World War II, while Allied armies crunched slowly up the peninsula, Italian partisans fought Germans in the north. As they usually do in desperate straits, the Communists made common cause with non-Communists. Later—as they usually do when victory seems near—they turned on their erstwhile friends and tried to liquidate them.

In the northwest, Red machinations of this sort apparently brought about the death of Major William Holohan, American OSS officer (TIME, Aug. 27). In the northeast, around Udine in the province of Friuli, the Communist Garibaldi brigade

plies' and later rounded up and killed 16 more Osoppo men.

After the war, high-placed friends of the Communist assassins tried to quash the matter. But 52 suspects were brought to the bar, charged with treason and murder. One trial misfired in Brescia and another got under way in Lucca. For 193 days, 300 persons (accused and witnesses) testified. An imposing battery of defense lawyers—provided by the Communist Central Committee—did not deny the killings, but argued that the Osoppo were Fascists interfering with the liberation.

Last week 41 of the accused, including the ringleaders, were found guilty (of murder, not treason) and sentenced to a total of 777 years. One Communist ringleader, who calls himself Franco, thrust his arm through the bars of his cage and shouted: "We are stronger than you! Long live the Italian resistance!"

Precarious Balancing Act

Once, years ago, when he still indulged in his favorite sport of mountain climbing, Alcide de Gasperi careered downward when his rope jammed. "I found myself dangling over the void," he said later. "For 20 minutes I could not move. People in the valley could see me just hanging there. Then I swung over to a ridge and I was safe." Italy's 71-year-old Prime Minister no longer climbs mountains, but his talent for hanging on has become one of the most awesome political feats of the postwar era.

He has survived six overthrows of his government, each time patiently rebuilding a coalition. He has given Italy seven years of continuous government, making him the longest-lived Premier in Western Europe. He has held together a sprawling aggregation of land-starved peasants and big landowners, Catholic trade unionists and stand-pat industrialists—clustered under the Lombard Cross of his Christian Democratic Party. He has staved off the largest Red party this side of the Iron Curtain.

The Librarian. Anti-Fascist Alcide de Gasperi was a regular inmate of Mussolini's prisons until his health broke. He was let out in 1929. He spent the next 14 years in the quiet of the Vatican Library—as a clerk, filing index cards. He stretched his \$50-a-month salary, on which he supported a wife and four daughters, by translating from the German at a nickel a page. Meanwhile, he kept in touch with his fellow Christian Democrats, and when Mussolini fell, a skeleton Christian party was ready. By April 1945 De Gasperi was Italy's Foreign Minister; by year's end he was named Premier. The first thing De Gasperi did was to get a salary advance so he could buy a good blue suit.

Today, he no longer lives in the \$9-a-month, five-flights-up Rome apartment he rented after becoming Premier. His grateful party last year gave him an eight-room villa and his salary has gone up to \$500 a month. A kind of Latin Attila, De Gasperi is the complete an-

thesis of his predecessor, Mussolini. Like Adenauer in Germany and Schuman and Bidault in France—Roman Catholics all—De Gasperi belongs to that underrecognized group of Christian Democrats who have done most to save postwar Western Europe. At a time when the left was divided in Marxist confusion, and the right was discredited by its past, the Christian Democrats were both social-minded and sustained by their faith.

The Dangers. Last week, however, there were signs that Italy's greatest political balancing act of modern times had nearly run its course. The very compromises that have won De Gasperi power may topple him from it. Governing a sprawling coalition that runs from Socialists to monarchists, De Gasperi has been unable to get agreement for a concerted



Robert Cohen—Black Star
DE GASPERI
One of the people.

attack on Italy's great and growing economic problems. Italy has 2,000,000 unemployed, another 1,500,000 working part-time. Millions of Italians still live in caves and huts, or jammed four and five into a room. Land reform, Italy's greatest need, has been imperceptible, in spite of De Gasperi's promises. De Gasperi's own party is split between the "Wasps," right-wingers who petition him to ease up on reform, and the Young Turks who repeatedly threaten to resign if reform isn't speeded up.

The Challenge. One fine lazy spring morning last week, as De Gasperi strolled through the woods with his dog, his secretary brought disturbing news. Negotiations for a solid anti-Communist alliance in next month's municipal elections in southern Italy were collapsing. The monarchists, probably the third largest party in the south, were demanding as their price for joining the Democristiano alliance that the neo-Fascist M.S.I. party also be admitted. Unless De Gasperi

yielded, Rome, Naples and Bari might well elect Communist mayors and councils. A Red Rome next month might mean a Red Italy next year, at the general elections. Yet De Gasperi, for all his willingness to compromise, would not compromise with Fascists. After lunch, he sat down and wrote a poem that appeared next morning on the front page of the Christian Democratic *Il Popolo* under the signature "Quidam de Populo" ("One of the People"). Said De Gasperi: he would have no truck with the neo-Fascist party which attacks basic principles of democracy, and "glorifies the regime that has gone."

Then, having done his duty, he went back to writing a speech for the 500th birthday of Leonardo da Vinci, on which he had already spent three weeks studying 20 volumes of material. Premier de Gasperi wanted his thoughts on Da Vinci to be expressed just right.

EGYPT

So Little Time

Premier Hilaly Pasha's deadline was May 18. Unless Hilaly, who is able but has no following, could in the meantime win public support, the powerful and corrupt Wafid opposition was sure to win the general election. Hilaly needed to score a diplomatic success with the British. Last week the British were not helpful.

They were willing to evacuate the Suez Canal Zone if Egypt would join a Middle East Command. But they refused to turn over to the Egyptians the Sudan, which Egypt now claims. Quite the opposite: fortnight ago Britain announced plans to hasten self-rule for the Sudanese. It was a blow to Hilaly Pasha: only the urging of King Farouk and U.S. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery kept Hilaly from breaking off the talks then & there.

Apparently the British did not consider Hilaly a strong enough man to bother trying to save. Britain's critics in the Middle East, who are numerous and noisy, saw it another way: once again Britain was foolishly letting down a friend, and inviting a Mossadegh kind of successor.

Last week Hilaly Pasha dejectedly stopped the clock: he postponed the May 18 elections. Muffled by censorship and martial law, the Wafid opposition called his action unconstitutional.

SOUTH AFRICA

Snapping Threads

Prime Minister Malan last week snapped two more of the tenuous threads linking the Union of South Africa to the British Commonwealth. His government: ¶ Brushed aside *God Save the Queen* as South Africa's national anthem in favor of *Die Stem van Suid-Afrika* (*The Voice of South Africa*), a thundering Afrikaner hymn.

¶ Created a batch of new military awards, topped by the "Cape of Good Hope" decoration, a five-sided disk which takes precedence over all other decora-



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Philippine Armed Forces

EX-SERGEANT POMEROY
A man without a country.

tions, orders and medals, South African heroes of the two World Wars who won Britain's coveted V.C. (Victoria Cross) at Flanders or El Alamein may still wear their medals, but these are now to be regarded as "foreign" decorations.

Malan's headlong rush towards a narrow Afrikaner state—anti-British and anti-black—was too much for one of South Africa's oldest living heroes: 80-year-old General Sarel François Alberts. In the Boer War, Alberts fought alongside the late great Field Marshal Smuts against the hated British; after Smuts made peace (in 1902), they fought one another. Alberts, in 1914, rebelled against South Africa's pro-British government; he was defeated and captured by one of Smuts's toughest lieutenants: Dolf de la Rey. Since then, captor and captive have gone their separate ways: Alberts backed Malan; De la Rey is now vice president of the anti-Malan Torch Commando.

Last week white-bearded Sarel Alberts invited white-bearded Dolf de la Rey to visit his farm. He had been thinking things over. Said Alberts to his lifelong friend and enemy: "I know the Nationalists well. They are unfit to rule the country. I want to join Torch and fight them."

THE PHILIPPINES

Story of a Communist

William Joseph Pomeroy was less than a year old when the Russian Revolution shook the world. A scholarly, intense boy, he carried the flag at graduation exercises at Rochester's (N.Y.) P.S. 32. At West High School he won honors in English, but after leaving school the best job he could get was that of buffer hand in a factory. He decided that society, not himself, was to blame. Early in 1938 he joined

the Young Communist League, later that year became a full Communist Party member.

Struggle. The U.S. Army drafted him in 1942. He was sent to the U.S. Fifth Bomber Command in Brisbane, Australia as an aviation mechanic, but his flair for writing got him a transfer to the U.S. Air Force 10th Historical Unit. In uniform in Australia, and again as a sergeant in the Philippines, he sought out the Communist Party. "What impressed me most was the armed struggle and that the Party here was at a more advanced stage of revolution," he wrote to a friend. After his Army discharge, he took up propaganda work in New York, wrote a few editorials for the Communist *Daily Worker*, and pestered Party leaders until he got himself sent back to the Philippines. He wrote: "The thought that bothered me at first was whether or not my place was in my own country fighting imperialism there. I decided, however, that it did not really matter where a Communist fights, as long as he fights."

Not one to spurn a dollar from the government he hoped to overthrow, he enrolled under the G.I. Bill of Rights at the University of the Philippines. In 1948 he married Celia Mariano, a Filipino girl who attracted Pomeroy for special reasons: "I deliberately chose for a wife an active comrade in the movement so that there will be no antagonisms or divided loyalties." Known as "Bob" and "Rene," the Pomeroy's became regular instructors at a "Stalin University" attended by Huk guerrillas in the Sierra Madre mountains. In the records of the Philippine police they were listed as Nos. 12 and 13 in the Central Committee line-up of the Philippine Communist Party. The police put a \$30,000 price on Pomeroy's head.

Surrender. In January 1951, Philippine Army patrol in a brush with a Huk band found a blood-stained musette bag containing Pomeroy's passport and some papers in his handwriting. Last week, in rugged mountains near the border of Bulacan and Quezon Provinces, the Philippine 12th Battalion Combat team surprised a camp of 20 Huk guerrillas. Three of the Heks were killed, several of the guerrillas surrendered. Among the captured was William J. Pomeroy.

Defense Secretary Ramon Magsaysay, vigorous leader of the government's war on the Heks, went up in the hills to meet his prize captive, who, wearing a new but soiled khaki suit and tennis shoes, listened quietly as Magsaysay told him of the government's new policy towards the Heks: friendship or force. Said Pomeroy: "So far I've seen only the force." Replied Magsaysay: "Now I'll show you the friendship." He handed a bottle of Coke to Pomeroy, who laughed. "Bill, I'll treat you fairly," promised Magsaysay. Fairly means a fair trial. Magsaysay intends to charge 35-year-old Pomeroy with multiple murder, arson and other crimes, for which the penalty may be death. The U.S. Embassy in Manila said it would not intervene: Pomeroy by his own choice had become a man without a country.

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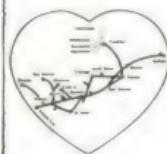
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BOLIVIA

Blood-Drenched Comeback

Just one month after Cuba's bloodless coup (see col. 3), Bolivia exploded last week in bloody revolution. Revolutions are no novelty in the remote Andean republic, which has averaged better than one a year since its liberation from Spain in 1825. Men the world over remember its 1946 rebellion, and the photographs of Dictator Gualberto Villarroel hanging from a lampost (which is still a tourist attraction in La Paz). Last week, the heirs of Villarroel, fanatical members of the totalitarian Movement of National Revolution (M.N.R.), clawed their way back.

Into the Streets. On the appointed day, gunfire and cries of "Viva la revolución!" pierced the early-morning quiet of La Paz (pop. 350,000). M.N.R. partisans invaded public buildings, set up barricades, passed out guns. Seizing La Paz's most powerful radio station, they foisted at least part of the populace by announcing a "total and bloodless victory." But only part of the army joined them; at the last minute, top commanders swung their forces behind the junta government of General Hugo Ballivian. Bringing reinforcements from outlying towns, the government counterattacked with planes, artillery and mortars. Early next day, the M.N.R.'s top army supporter, General Antonio Serele, thought the rebel cause lost and took refuge in the Chilean embassy.

But the angry men of M.N.R., seasoned street fighters, were powerfully bolstered by Bolivia's national police and tin miners flocking in from the mountains. They fought on in La Paz's working-class quarter. Most of the army's reinforcements were green conscripts with no passion for politics, no taste for bloody fighting. At a first-aid post where 350 casualties were treated in a few hours, an Indian mother squatted beside her dead soldier son's body and wailed: "What had my poor *guagua* (baby) to do with all this?"

Up to the Hills. Fighting raged on among the downtown skyscrapers, across the lawns of the upper-class residential districts and up the steep hills to the broad, 2½-mile-high altiplano where the government generals had set up headquar-



VÍCTOR PAZ ESTENSSORO
The world remembers the lampost.

ters. By the afternoon of the third day, Good Friday, with 3,000 estimated killed and 6,000 wounded, army leaders signed a cease-fire. M.N.R. leaders proclaimed their triumph from the palace balcony. Then many of the battle-grimed revolutionaries, followed by weeping women, marched to Mass through the cobbled streets, behind the image of the martyred Christ, in La Paz's traditional Good Friday procession.

Thus M.N.R. wrested control of the country from the military junta which had annulled the election victory won last year by the M.N.R. leader, Victor Paz Estenssoro, who campaigned from exile. In Buenos Aires, 1,400 miles to the southeast, Paz Estenssoro made ready to fly to La Paz this week. A bespectacled, soft-spoken onetime economics professor, Paz has been called everything from "the No. 1 Nazi of the Americas" to "a Communist of the right." Now he says mildly that his first steps in power will be to balance Bolivia's budget and get a higher price from the U.S. for tin.

CUBA

"Dictator with the People"

(See Cover)

One dazzling day last week, the 40-year-old gunboat *Cuba* steamed out of Havana harbor, coasting close under the grey, weathered walls of Morro Castle, and set course northeast through the blue Atlantic. At her foremast flew a pennant the Cuban breezes had not played with for seven years: the blue, white, red, yellow and green personal banner of General Fulgencio Batista. Aboard the *Cuba* was the general himself. He was headed for an Easter weekend holiday with his family on palm-lined Varadero Beach.

Relaxing on the awning deck in shorts, the Strong Man was in his best bluff humor. Once again he was undisputed dictator of Cuba. In an almost bloodless coup last month, the tough ex-sergeant had toppled President Carlos Prio. Now Prio was in Miami exile; his powerful labor movement had knuckled under to the new ruler; Congress was suspended (on full pay), and Batista was dictator and "Provisional President" under a brand-new set of "statutes" he himself had proclaimed to the Cuban people. Nobody seemed perturbed by the coup, and throngs of other Cubans followed their boss's lead by flocking off to their own carefree weekends, as though they had never had it better in their lives.

The prize Batista recaptured is a lush green tropical treasure island, producing record amounts of sugar and an annual governmental income of some \$350 million. Its exuberant Havana is one of the world's fabled fleshpots. The whole world dances to its sexy rumbas and mambos. Its socialites dine off gold plate, and its sumptuous casinos are snowed under by the pesos of sugar-rich playboys. The "dance of the millions" that Cuba knew in its brief post-World War I sugar boom is going again full blast. Batista brought off his coup at the top of Cuba's market.

Power and prestige are two things Batista understands and values. It has been said of him that he has limitless ambition, plenty of ability and no respect for his fellow men. With those who do not cross him, he can be pleasant and even



vial. At 51, he is a hairy, muscular man's man, with the swarthy brow and barrel chest of a smaller Max Schmeling. He revels in the authority he has won back.

His return followed the classic pattern of Latin American "revolutions." Every traditional element was present: a bold, shrewd Strong Man, a hard core of army malcontents, a weak government. Similar combinations have brought armymen to power in many other Latin countries (see box). In this case, it remained only for Batista & friends to write in the characteristically Cuban touches.

Who, Me? Early this year, a group of junior army officers, claiming to be disgusted by the careless way in which the cynical Prio government was running Cuba, called on Batista and asked him to lead a revolt. As one of three candidates campaigning for the presidency at elections scheduled for June 1, Batista declined. But late in February, Batista got word that the army revolt might be attempted whether he led it or not. By that time it may also have dawned on him that he had small chance of winning at the polls. As the Strong Man blandly explained the situation: "The young officers became restless, and they put themselves in touch with me." Batista heeded his countrymen's importunate pleas and plunged into conspiratorial planning with some of his old comrades.

There were 27 men in the plot, but until the night before the rising, only Batista knew who all of them were. He himself wrote out the master plan and orders, employing a kind of ecclesiastical code. If any outsider got a look at the plans, they must have read like an outline for a religious pageant. Each reference to an archbishop or a priest signified an individual; each "ceremony" a place to be captured. At the final night meeting, in a house not far from Havana's all-important Camp Columbia army base, the plotters swore an oath of secrecy. Batista told the conspirators to check their watches against Radio Reloj, the Havana radio station that ticks off time signals day & night. The revolution would start at exactly 2:43 a.m. on March 10.

"**Are You with Us?**" Early on the appointed night, Batista returned from the old colonial seaport town of Matanzas, where he had made a routine campaign speech. At his suburban estate, Kuquine, he told his pretty wife Marta that he was tired, and went to bed. Around 2 a.m., four officers called for him. He dressed in the dark; there was a shaky laugh when a nervous aide who thought he was holding the chief's jacket tried to help him slip his arms into a pair of trousers. The conspirators climbed into a car and headed for Camp Columbia. At the gate, the driver leaned out and said: "It's Batista! Are you with us?" The sentry joined the revolt on the spot.

It was a symbolic moment; Batista had got past democracy's sentries as well as Camp Columbia's. And he had achieved complete surprise. The Prio government had not the slightest inkling that the

LATIN AMERICAN LINE-UP



Argentina. A notable record of democratic advance was broken by the 1943 army revolution that brought Perón to power. Re-elected in 1951, Dictator Perón, with his wife, runs Latin America's only big-time totalitarian regime.

Bolivia. In this backward, one-crop (tin) republic, 3,200,000 inhabitants (of whom only 130,000 vote) endured their 179th revolution last week (see opposite page).

Brazil. The world's largest public, Portuguese-speaking Brazil is qualitatively different from its neighbors. Its long history of peaceful evolution toward democracy was broken only by Getulio Vargas' 1930-45 dictatorship. In 1950, Vargas made a startling comeback at the polls, has since governed constitutionally.

Chile. This temperate-zone republic, inhabited by energetic, business-minded people, practices a highly developed democracy of the French permanent cabinet-crisis type. Now suffering from acute inflation.

Colombia. Sixty years of exemplary constitutional progress ended in the bloody 1948 Bogotá uprising. Since November 1949, a conservative regime has ruled by state of siege, and undeclared civil war has cost an estimated 20,000 lives.

Costa Rica. A rustic democracy fit to gladden Thomas Jefferson's heart.

Dominican Republic. Since 1930, the personal plantation of Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo.

Ecuador. After four Presidents in eleven months, Galo Plaza Lasso, a U.S.-born democrat, was chosen President by orderly elections in 1948.

Chances are 50-50 that he can survive until August, his term's end.

El Salvador. Following a 1948 revolution, Lieut. Colonel Oscar Osorio, the local Strong Man, beat out an army rival for President at the first universal suffrage election ever held in this little republic of coffee and volcanoes.

Guatemala. Communists have got a foot in the door of this last survivor of the Caribbean's postwar left-wing regimes. Though an army man, Guatemala's President Arbenz has not been at all rough on the Reds.

Haiti. This beautiful, tragic, impoverished Negro republic has had practically no democratic experience; it is currently ruled by Paul Magloire, an elected President who originally seized power as army Strong Man.

Honduras. The classic banana republic. After a longtime dictator stepped down in 1948, Juan Manuel Gálvez, a United Fruit Co. lawyer of the comfortable, old-shoe type won the presidency in an uncontested vote.

Mexico. Its notable stability and expansive vigor may be due to the fact that it has emerged from the only true revolution ever to occur in Latin America. It is about as democratic as a one-party country can get, though probably a long way from the point where one party can peacefully yield power to another at the polls. Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, the official government candidate, appears set to succeed President Miguel Aleman in the July elections.

Nicaragua. The personal property of Dictator "Tacho" Somoza, a far more amiable character than his pal Trujillo.

Panama. Having made or broken four Presidents, Panama's Strong Man "Chichi" Remón expects to be elected to the presidency himself next month.

Paraguay. Rough, remote, army-ruled, ruled by Dr. Federico Chaves, influenced by Perón's Argentina.

Peru. A military dictator, General Manuel Odria, elected President without opposition after having outlawed the majority party, runs the country in alliance with landed oligarchs.

Uruguay. Model democracy, remodeled last month with a Swiss-type rotating-chairman presidency.

Venezuela. Despite fabulous oil-boom wealth, one of Latin America's most harshly governed countries. Four years after a three-man military junta seized power and outlawed the largest party, Venezuela remains, with Bolivia, the only republic in the hemisphere without a Parliament.

Teredo Terror...

...rope research weakens his bite

Not long ago, members of a New England yacht club met in emergency session to declare war on the forces responsible for cutting mooring lines and setting boats adrift.

The yacht club commodore called the company who made the rope and asked for help. A research director and a biologist arrived on the double.



up to 3 feet of destruction

(PHOTO BY W. F. CLAPP LABS. INC., DEDSBURY, MASS.)

They found the vandals. Not a bunch of mischievous boys, but a sea-going termite, *teredo megolata*—the dread shipworm. *Teredo* loves untreated manila fiber. In as little as three months, *teredo*, with its built-in cutting shell, can chew through manila rope so thoroughly that a half-inch piece cannot even support its own weight.

The U. S. cordage industry set out to defeat this marine scourge that in six months time, under ideal conditions, can grow from a nothing to a three-foot destroyer.

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Research by the U. S. cordage industry is saving boat owners incalculable trouble and expense. Research to make its products better for every use has long been standard practice with the men who supply the nation with vital rope and cordage products.

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Strong Man was on the prowl. The U. S. State Department, which takes an understandable interest in Cuba's affairs, was caught completely unaware. One Cuban, sourly reflecting on events the morning after, glibed: "The town is full of FBI agents trying to find out what happened."

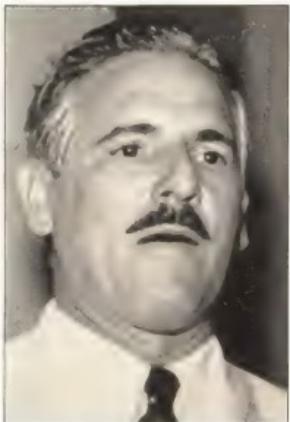
Once inside the camp, the rebels' first act was to capture the "archbishop"—Chief of Staff General Ruperto Cabrera, who was taken in his ornate, cream-and-gold bed. Several "bishops" (colonels) were also arrested. Batista set up his command post at camp headquarters. Within an hour, the camp was his. The troops were roused, and Batista addressed them, swaying them to his side with one of the oldest of military maxims: he doubted their pay.

"**We Are the Law.**" Picked officers took downtown Havana's Cañada fortress. Others seized naval and air centers. From these bases they took control of police stations, communication centers, the labor palace. The rest of the island—there were only two regiments outside Havana—fell soon afterward. The young officers crowded round Batista at his table in Columbia and crowed: "Fulge, we're in!" Prío took refuge at the Mexican embassy. "We are the law," proclaimed Batista, sending tanks and armored cars through the streets of Havana.

Cubans hardly needed to be told. Political foes rushed to make deals with the new boss. Gangsters stopped shooting at each other. Employers reported an abrupt end to such familiar nuisances as wildcat strikes and absenteeism. Cubans remembered Batista. In the past, he had used castor oil, midnight arrests or gunplay; his soldiers had ruthlessly put down abortive rebellions. He could afford to be economical with the weapon of terror. "It is my destiny to make bloodless revolutions," he bragged—and added a significant qualification: "The only blood spilled will be that of those who oppose us."

In the old days, Batista liked to roister long past midnight with ex-sergeant cronies. Now the ex-sergeants are out of the picture, and Batista is alone. The Strong Man is a big boy now. As one Cuban says: "Batista does not love and does not hate. He will sacrifice his best friend and pardon his bitterest enemy if it serves his purpose." This political formula has not made him popular, but it works. Smiles Batista: "I am a dictator with the people."

The *Stenographer Dictates*. At or against the people, the Strong Man, at any rate, came from them. The son of a poor farmer of mixed blood, he was born in 1901, while his country was still under U.S. occupation, at the eastern sugar town of Banes. Quitting Banes' Quaker School at twelve, he worked as a tailor's apprentice, bartender, barber, banana picker, cane cutter and railroad hand. At 20 he joined the Army. To other soldiers, he was virtually a literary type: there was always a book or magazine under the pillow of his bunk. When he got the chance, he studied shorthand and became a sergeant-stenographer, handling secret papers,



C. Arias

EX-PRESIDENT PRÍO
A \$1,000,000 police on \$25,000 a year.
working with high officers, traveling around.

Batista was still a sergeant at 30, as the great depression settled down on Cuba. Sugar then sold for 3½ a pound, banks foreclosed on planters, cane cutters roamed the island seeking a few weeks' seasonal work at 20¢ for a dawn-to-dark day. Those were the years of the tyrannous President Machado and his infamous gangs of gunmen hired to repress the people by terror and torture. Rebellion was in the air. Students led strikes, and the ABC revolutionary society hurled bombs at Machado's hated police. President Roosevelt sent Sumner Welles to help ease Machado out without an insurrection. Machado went, and Cuba exploded in the celebrated "Sergeant's Revolt." On Sept. 4, 1933, Sergeant Batista, the ringleader, walked into Camp Columbia headquarters, pistol in hand, and told the army chief he was relieved of duty.

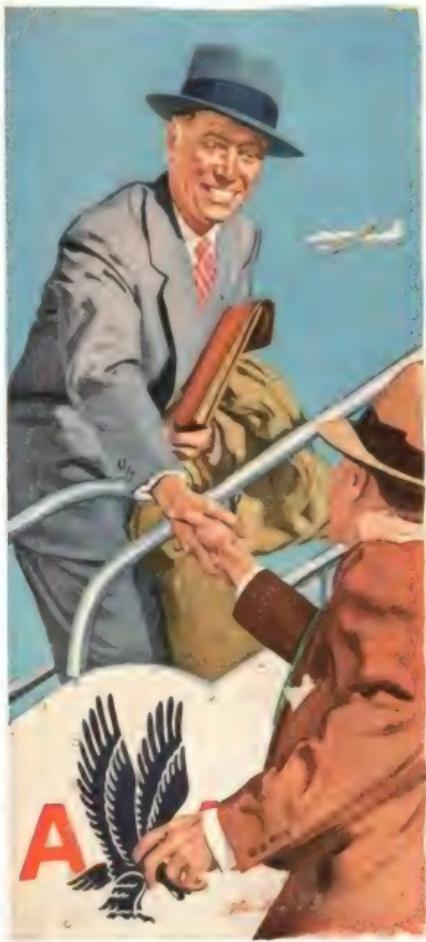
Battle of the National Hotel. Waving away the presidency, Batista put the students' idol, Professor Ramón Grau San Martín, at the head of the government. But the sergeant upped himself to colonel and chief of staff, and fired almost the entire army officers' corps. The ousted officers holed up in the National Hotel. Batista sent soldiers to disarm them. Welles, who lived at the hotel, stopped that showdown by seating himself midway between the rival forces in the long lobby and imperturbably discussing Emily Dickinson's poetry with Adviser Adolf Berle until the soldiers withdrew. But 25 days later, fighting broke out at the hotel. After Batista's soldiers had lobbed 200 shells into the building, the officers surrendered. Batista, then only 32, was master of Cuba.

Back in Washington as Assistant Secretary of State, Welles arranged for U.S. recognition, a quota for Cuba in the U.S. sugar market, and abrogation of the odious Platt Amendment, which gave the U.S. the right to intervene to keep order in

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Cuba. Though Batista had endless trouble finding the right President (he tried out seven in seven years, and finally took over the job himself), order and prosperity gradually returned to the island.

Down with Dynasties. With prosperity, a new decorum settled on Batista. His table manners improved, he got a tailor and a manicurist, acquired millionaire friends and some notions of good taste. Visiting Washington in 1938, he found out that his official host, Chief of Staff General Malin Craig, usually wore just two decorations. Tossing his own bemedaled tunic to an aide, he roared: "Rip off all but the two top rows."

When he called on President Roosevelt a few days later, he confided that he was getting up a new constitution and asked F.D.R.'s opinion on whether Presidents should succeed themselves. F.D.R. solemnly assured him that they should not, and what is more, should not even succeed their successors. It's the only way, said F.D.R., to prevent dynasties. Batista was much impressed. He wrote a non-succession provision into his constitution. So after finishing his own four-year term in 1944, he could not lawfully stand again for the presidency till this year.

Off to Florida. In 1944, democracy was on the march in all the main theaters of war, and dictators were out of season. In that wintry atmosphere, Batista tried something brand-new in Latin American dictator politics: he ran off a free and fair election. His man was soundly beaten. This was annoying, but there was nothing to do but graciously turn the presidency over to the winner, his old colleague Grau San Martin, and get out. Besides, staying in Havana at the time would have been asking for a Tommy-gun clip in the back.

The ex-Strong Man departed for Florida and applied himself to setting his personal affairs in order, notably arranging to divorce his first wife, Elise, and marry again. Money was no problem. Eleven years of managing payrolls, contracts, the national lottery, sugar quotas and other traditional means of political enrichment had made him enormously wealthy. Havana insiders estimate his fortune at \$50 million, and credit him with one of the handsomest gestures ever made by an active, vigorous man who wanted a younger and prettier mate: he reportedly gave Elise a twelve-story apartment house, other valuable property and \$8,000,000 in cash.

Soon afterward, Batista married his present wife, Marta Fernández. The President had literally run into her with his car a few years earlier while she was riding a bicycle down Fifth Avenue in Havana's swank Miramar district. She has borne Batista three children. He also had three children by his first wife.

In exile, the Batistas lived at Daytona, where the ex-President liked to row in the Halifax River and browse in his library. He also looked after his extensive Florida real-estate investments, which reportedly include several big Miami Beach hotels.

He ran for Senator *in absentia* in 1948, and was elected. In 1949, Grau having given way to Carlos Prio as President,

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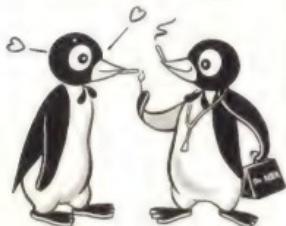
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Taste tip-top!**



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steady smoke for that
clean, KOOL taste!**



THE BATISTAS AT HOME (WITH SON ROBERTO, 6)
They ran into each other on Fifth Avenue.

Batista finally went home. Guarded by 20 soldiers, he lived at Kuquine, talking with politicos, playing canasta, and keeping in trim by working out daily on an exercise machine. There he bided his time until last month's revolt.

Pork & Passports. Why was there practically no opposition when Batista pulled his coup? The basic answer is that seven years of riotously rotten government had left the average Cuban too cynical about democracy to fight in its behalf. When Grau San Martín was swept into office in 1944 on a wave of popular demand for housecleaning, he said: "There is nothing wrong with Cuba that an honest administration can't cure." Then the scholarly professor and his successor proceeded to give the island, which has seen plenty of corruption in its time, the most graft- and gangster-ridden government in its history.

Cuba's freewheeling democrate operated according to the rule, stated by a former Grau minister: "It's a credit to you if you're honest, but it's no great discredit if you're dishonest." Everybody helped himself. Senators who had spent half a million buying enough votes to win got their investment back in millions. For the President's congressional pals, there was a \$4,000,000-a-month ration from the state lottery pork barrel. Sticky-fingered ministers picked up fortunes on contracts, customs deals, sugar quota allocations.

Suits & Suitcases. It was wonderful fun for the highbinders who could get it. Still pending in a Havana court is a lawsuit brought by an Orthodox (Reform) Party Senator demanding that Grau and his ministers, including Prio, explain what happened to \$174,241,840.14 that seemed to have disappeared during Grau's regime. The Senator's title for his case: "The greatest theft in history." But the greatest of the thieves is not named in the suit. José Manuel Alemán, Grau's favorite min-

ister, who stole not one but an estimated hundred million dollars, died in 1949.

One story told of Alemán in Havana: on the afternoon of Oct. 10, 1948, he and some henchmen drove four Ministry of Education trucks into the Treasury building. All climbed out carrying suitcases. "What are you going to do, rob the Treasury?" joshed a guard. "¿Qué sobe?" replied baby-faced José Alemán. Forthwith, his men scooped pesos, francs, escudos, lire, rubles, pounds sterling and about \$19 million in U.S. currency into the suitcases.

The trucks made straight for the airfield, where a chartered DC-3 stood waiting. Alemán and three henchmen took the U.S. money aboard, leaving the rest to be changed later at Cuban banks. In Miami, he carried the currency to the Du Pont Building headquarters of his \$70 million Florida real-estate empire where, an employee has said, "bundles of \$1,000 bills were tossed around like wrapped packages of pennies." Later a reporter asked Alemán, "How did you get all that money out of the Treasury?" "It was easy," said Alemán. "In suitcases."

Pleasures & Palaces. Ex-President Prio also did well for himself, apparently without the use of suitcases. When he was a student and budding politico, Prio said, "there wasn't a peseta in the house to go to the movies." By the time he was Senator, he was a millionaire, owning at least two houses and two country estates. While President, he quietly built one of the hemisphere's most fabulous mansions at La Chata, near Havana. The place has an air-conditioned barbershop, a zoo, a stable of Arabian horses and a swimming pool with a small waterfall on one side and a dining terrace, bar, and kitchen on the other. Its estimated value is somewhere between \$1,000,000 and \$3,000,000. Prio's presidential salary: \$55,000 a year.

In spite of its graft and corruption,

there was some good to be said for Cuba's seven-year-old democratic regime. Havana under Gran and Prio was a haven of free speech and free thought. They built schools, hospitals and highways. They gave Cuba a national bank, made loans to expand industry and diversify agriculture, and improved labor standards in a land plagued by seasonal unemployment. And, despite fantastic sums spent to sway elections, they kept the way open for democratic change.

There was at least an even chance that an honest man would have won the June 1 election. The result of Batista's coup is that the cynical old political practices will go on as before. Batista gave the lottery to the same lieutenant who handled it for him under his earlier dictatorship; he placed the customs, a traditional source of political enrichment, in army hands. In scrupulous conformity with the existing code, he left Prio's personal properties untouched—just as Prio had never laid a hand on his.

Southern Democrats? The U.S. people like to believe that the whole Western Hemisphere is safe for democracy. The fact is that, with a few such exceptions as Uruguay, Chile and Costa Rica (the list is always subject to change), most Latin American countries are not democracies in the sense understood in the U.S. The notion that they are is an illusion fostered during World War II under the Good Neighbor policy.

In Latin America, democracy has special meanings. In Juan Perón's Argentina, democracy is a boss and his wife on a balcony plus "social justice" (wage rises, free cakes at Christmas, old-age benefits) for all who bow down to them. In some of the Andean countries, democracy tends to be government by a majority of the white minority. Under the Honduran formula, ex-Dictator "Bucho" Carías once explained, "Personal safety is as important as personal liberty." Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, last of the old-fashioned, "monster-type" dictators, calls his regime in the Dominican Republic "freedom and democracy in the Caribbean." Said a tough U.S. businessman, hardened by 20 years in Latin lands, "When a guy says 'democracy' down here, he means any government that's run the way he wants it run."

For some Latinos, of course, democracy has more significant meanings. The Uruguayans recently exchanged their President for a committee-style government, akin to the Swiss. Mexicans have given the Indian absolute political equality. Brazil, the land of 50 million whites and Negroes, carries day-by-day racial democracy to a point far beyond anything the U.S. can match.

Is It Workable? But Latin American countries are a long way from being democratic in the U.S. sense. Their history, geography, climate, religion, race are all different. As colonies of Spain and Portugal, they had none of the prior experience in self-government that the 13 North American colonies enjoyed. In such countries as Bolivia and Ecuador, backward, illiterate, aborigines who do not even

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Gene Voit, General Manager

speak Spanish far outnumber the whites. The entire area sags below the standards of health, education and economic development that political scientists consider essential for durable democracy. Even in relatively prosperous Cuba, per capita income is \$300 compared to the U.S.'s \$1,600; average life expectancy is almost 15 years less than in the U.S.; illiteracy is seven times as great.

Self-discipline in the exercise of political liberties is also needed to keep democracy stable. Latinos are individualists, insisting upon personal as distinct from political liberty. They are men of passion, men of honor. Lord Bryce, writing in 1912, noted in them "a temper which holds every question to be one of honor." Sometimes in the flurry of upholding honor and individual rights, some of the quieter ground rules of social conduct have a tendency to get lost in the shuffle. A Cuban joke defines democracy as "having a good job and the right to drive on the wrong side of the street." The great world capital of Buenos Aires (pop. 3,000,371) has no traffic lights: the authorities tried the signals out some years ago, but had to remove them because drivers simply would not obey them.

If the Latino individualist seems ever ready to fight, or at least duel, for his sacred personal rights, the record shows that he also goes in heavily for hero worship. Since Bolívar's day, Latin Americans have tended to follow men rather than parties or principles. They call themselves Peronistas, Armulfistas (in Panama), Ibanistas (in Chile). Most of their *caudillos*, their strong men, have come from the army. Currently, military men preside over eleven Latino governments. Instead of confining themselves to the job of defending their country, Latin American militarists are entrenched as "the only well-organized political party" in every country except Costa Rica, Uruguay, Chile and perhaps Colombia. In many countries, the army consumes anordinate share of the national income, and fosters the belief that it alone is fit to rule. It was armed power that put Batista back in Cuba. Other men had the votes; he had the guns.

Is It Wanted? Because revolutions often become epidemic, some fear that the Batista coup and last week's Bolivian revolt may be followed by explosions elsewhere, possibly in Ecuador or Colombia. But nobody in Latin America, except the Communists and the neo-fascist fringe professes to want any other kind of government except democracy. In the long run, as hunger and ignorance are dealt with, democracy may yet win in Latin America, though it is likely to be quite different from the U.S. variety.

That democracy must come from within, not from without. It is up to Cubans not the U.S., to make military coups obsolete. Meanwhile, so far as Latin America is concerned, the U.S. can only be the Good Neighbor, avoid undue interference, practice Point Four and cultivate the long view. The making of democracy takes among other things, time.



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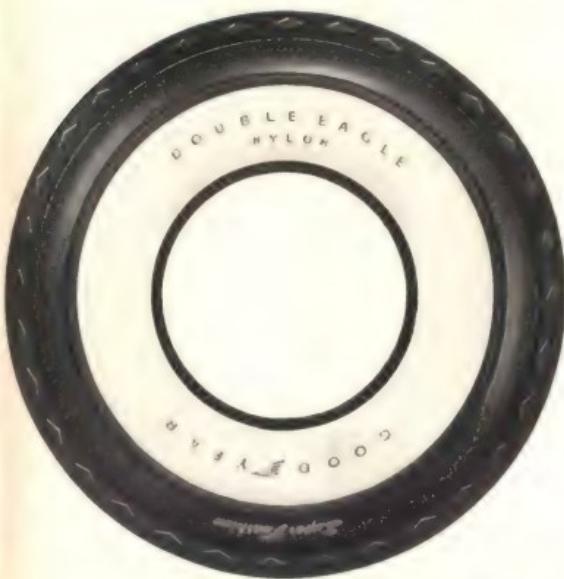
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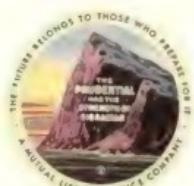


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PEOPLE

The Bright Future

When a reporter started to question him during a pancake breakfast in Savannah, Old Miner John L. Lewis refused to be interviewed and majestically said why: "There is nothing so valueless as the curbstone utterances of people passing through."

A former tenant, Eleanor Roosevelt, toured the renovated White House. Her reaction: except for the Green Room, where the color was not quite right, everything was "lovely . . . more convenient and comfortable." Furthermore, said she: "The third floor is so much better arranged and nicer for guests. The closets are a great help."

From his Philadelphia headquarters Father Divine sent out invitations to his sixth wedding anniversary, which he has referred to as "The Marriage Feast of the Lamb," and proclaimed "an international, universal, interracial holiday . . . to universalize democracy, Americanism, Christianity and Judaism." This year the invitation asked that there be "no smoking, no drinking, no profanity, no obscenity and no vulgarity."

Sir Leslie Boyce, Lord Mayor of London, was promised some spring finery. The Court of Aldermen met in Guildhall and voted to spend \$1,750 to buy His Worship a new black robe decorated with gold leaf and lace. The old one, used by the past six mayors, was too large, worn threadbare and the gold had become tarnished.

In Hollywood Cinemactress Jane Russell announced that she was tired of posing constantly for bathing-suit scenes. Said she: "After all, Ethel Barrymore doesn't have to pose for cheesecake." Furthermore, she said, "I can't stand to see myself in pictures where I snarl, whine or



FRANK LEAHY & FAMILY
Still on the offense.

United Press

whimper. I'm not like that at all . . . I never whine at home."

In Madrid Otto ("Scarface") Skorzeny, 43, Nazi paratroop commander who rescued Mussolini from his mountain prison in 1943, felt secure enough to let his picture be taken. Said he: "There is no reason for secrecy." At present, he is promoting his engineering talents in Spain; as for the past: "I am not ashamed of what we did and how we did it."

A Sea of Troubles

Young Prince Charles, 3½, went to his first Sunday service in the Royal Lodge Chapel at Windsor. He enjoyed it very much. After combined efforts on the part of his mother, father, and Aunt Margaret to shush his piping voice, his grandmother took him out.

At Sea Island, Ga., Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands tried his hand at some animal husbandry. While cycling along the beach, he found a sick scaup duck which he carefully carried back to his hotel and lodged in the bathtub. Before morning, despite the tender care of the Prince and several aides called in for consultation, the duck died.

In Hollywood, the shooting of *Snows of Kilimanjaro* was held up by an untoward accident on the set. Star Gregory Peck, who was supposed to carry Heroine Ava Gardner over some rough ground, was doing splendidly with his burden when his leg buckled. The doctor's diagnosis: several torn ligaments and a ruptured blood vessel in his left knee.

Actor Franchot Tone, whose down payment on his 6½-month marriage to blonde, sometime actress Barbara Payton was a broken nose, a hospital bill and

tabloid headlines, reeled under another blow. Barbara bled for \$1,500-a-month temporary alimony to keep her going until a divorce was granted.

Badge of Merit

Notre Dame's famous football coach Frank Leahy posed with his wife and personal Irish squad of eight little Leahys, now ranging from two-month-old Chris to 15-year-old Frank III, for a family picture. Furthermore, said Frank Jr., "we're still on the offense."

In Chicago, after looking over the political field, Old Boxer Joe Louis announced that he would back Harold Stassen over Bob Taft. Said Louis: "My people might just as well vote for Senator [Dick] Russell of Georgia as for Taft. I been to Cincinnati, Taft's home town, and it ain't no different than Atlanta."

In Atlanta, on his way to Mobile to take command of a new *Flying Enterprise*, Captain Kurt Carlsen, besieged by reporters, asked them: "Why . . . pay any attention to me? I'm just another plain jerk. Maybe a bigger jerk than anybody else, when you get down to brass tacks." Asked about a pin in his lapel, he explained: "I'm an honorary member of the Girl Scouts of America . . . I understand now the Boy Scouts are going to give my wife a bid."

In Manhattan, the New York Drama Critics Circle announced its annual awards: for the best American play, John van Druten (*I Am a Camera*); best foreign play, Christopher Fry (*Venus Observed*); best musical, Rodgers & Hart and John O'Hara (*Pal Joey*); for the "most distinguished and original," George Bernard Shaw (*Don Juan in Hell*).



United Press

OTTO SKORZENY
Not ashamed.

SPORT

Houyhnhnms?

Lemuel Gulliver, a great traveler, once came upon a nation of horses called Houyhnhnms (pronounced, with a whinny, who-in-ums), who were gifted with sound reason and a noble spirit, and ruled benevolently over an unprepossessing tribe of humans called Yahooos. A British stable owner named Frank Coton felt he had a near-Houyhnhnm in his eight-year-old gelding, Black Diamond. One day last week he led Black Diamond clomping into a Nottingham movie theater (which had been cleared of yahooos); the horse, perspiring heavily, watched as a newscast of 1952's Grand National Steeplechase was run off twice.

Coton's theory: "If humans can be educated by watching films, can't horses too? I think so. Who knows? He might feel like imitating Teal [this year's Grand National winner] after he's seen it." But Black Diamond was not Houyhnhnmy enough. In South Nottingham's Point-to-Point Steeplechase on Easter Monday, Black Diamond placed fifth.

And No Bones Broken

It was blowing a gale. The wind shrieked over New Hampshire's Mount Washington, wrapping its 6,288-ft. summit in swirling fog. Thick ice glazed the mountain's sheer headwall. From Pinkham Notch, down in the valley, a line of black dots inched upward along two rows of red flags. The dots were ski fans, out to see the world's most dangerous ski race, "the American Inferno." The course runs in a four-mile drop from the summit over the 1,000-ft. headwall, through Tuckerman's Ravine and down a narrow wooded trail to Pinkham Notch, over 4,250 ft. below.

Before last week, the course had been

run only twice. In 1938 Dick Durrance did it in twelve minutes; a year later, Austria's Toni Matt went down wide open in the seemingly unbelievable time of 6 min. 29 sec. This year, 13 topnotch skiers made up their minds to try it despite the foul weather—not from the summit, but from a point three-quarters of the way up the mountain.

At 12:30 a faint cry of "track" floated down from the foggy heights. Dartmouth's Robert Stewart shot down the mountain's face, flashed narrowly through the ravine and across the flat into the tricky turns on the wooded trail. He was averaging better than 50 miles an hour.

At two-minute intervals, the other racers skimmed and skidded down the mountain. One man lost his balance, tripped and rolled over, sending up a geyser of snow. He got up and went on. Dartmouth's Bill Beck, the 22-year-old who placed fifth for the U.S. in the Olympic downhill race, whistled down, his skis chattering like Tommy guns on the bumpy ice. Brooks Dodge, also a Dartmouth man and Beck's Olympic teammate, loomed out of the fog at terrific speed, frantically clawing at his misted goggles. One skier blindly pounded on to the flat before he knew he had reached it, hit a bump, hurtled into the air and pin-wheeled four times before he hit the ground.

The winner: Bill Beck, who first tried the headwall at the age of ten, in the amazing time of 4 min. 14 sec. For a wonder, no one broke any bones.

Dodgers' Chances

The Dodgers were still easing the winter kinks from their muscles at Miami when Manager Charley Dressen called them in for a talk. Dressen wanted them to stop moping about last season, espe-



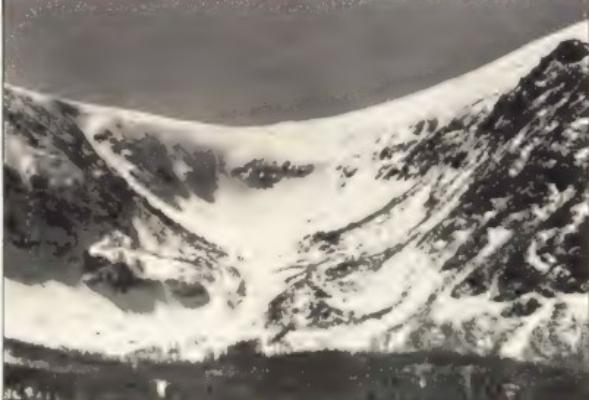
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OLYMPIC PROSPECT PETERS
One, two, three and the "big apple."

Hughie Heals

cially those horrible ten weeks when they blew a 13½-game lead to the Giants, and then lost the pennant by a home run. "Forget it," said Dressen. "We have nothing to be ashamed of. It was nobody's fault in particular and it can't happen again."

On paper, last year's team was fine. Dressen had a fast, rifle-armed outfield (Duke Snider, Andy Pafko, Carl Furillo) which walloped 75 home runs, and one of the league's best inffields (Billy Cox, Captain Pee-wee Reese, Cleanup Man Jackie Robinson, and Gil Hodges). It was an awesome array of hitters led by Robinson's .338. He had Most Valuable Player Roy Campanella (.325) behind the plate, and four topflight pitchers—Preacher Roe (22-3), Carl Erskine (16-12), Ralph Branca (13-12), and Clem Labine (5-1). But his strength was all in the front line. The Dodgers needed depth on the bench, good men to spell ailing regulars, and a starting pitcher to replace 20-Game Winner Don Newcombe, who was called into the Army in February. They also needed a little of that oldtime hustle.

In Florida, Manager Dressen put his boys on a strict diet, and got Miler Leslie MacMitchell down from the North to teach them how to run. Dressen taught his team the ancient, one-run squeeze play until everyone got it drilled into his skull. He picked up a pair of promising young fielders from the minors: Bobbie Morgan and George Shuba, both hitting major-league pitching at well over .300.

Pitching was the biggest problem. Dressen found two rookies who looked good: Ben Wade, who had a 16-6 record with the Pacific Coast League last season, and Johnny Rutherford, a right-hander with hairline control. Dressen liked Rutherford. "That kid," he chortled delightedly, "keeps nibbling at the corners of the plate." When the Giants lost two of their aces, Monte Irvin and Willie Mays, one by a broken ankle, the other to the U.S.

Army, the experts started picking the Dodgers as the team to beat.

Last week, when they arrived home for the first of a three-game exhibition series with the World Champion Yankees, they still looked like the team to beat. For five innings Dressen hopped up & down in the coach's box, urging and needling, then sank back into the dugout and relaxed. Despite some atrocious base running, the Dodgers raked three Yankee pitchers for 14 hits, nine runs, went on to take the series 2-1. No one in Brooklyn was taking any bets, but the gloom hanging heavy over the city since October began to lift.

Who Won

¶ Gail Peters, 22-year-old Olympic swim prospect, the "big apple" (individual honors) in the National A.A.U. women's senior indoor championships, by taking three events in record times: at Daytona Beach, Fla. Swimming for the Army's Walter Reed Hospital, Miss Peters bettered American records in the 300-yd. individual medley (3:51.3), the 200-yd. breast stroke (2:40.1), and the A.A.U. record in the 100-yd. breast stroke (1:17.7).

¶ Hill Gail, Calumet's prize three-year-old, the \$10,000 Phoenix Handicap, at Lexington, Ky. Warming up for the Kentucky Derby, Hill Gail closed with a stretch drive under Jockey Eddie Arcaro to equal Allegro's 14-year-old track record (1:50½) for six furlongs.

¶ Blue Man, another Derby hopeful, the Experimental Handicap No. 2 at Jamaica, in the good time of 1:44 for 1½ mi.

¶ Texas Sportsman Alfred C. Glassell Jr., the world's record for game fish on rod & reel, a 1,025-lb. black marlin boated on 39-thread line, off Cabo Blanco, Peru. (In 1930, near Tahiti, Zane Grey caught a giant striped marlin that weighed 1,040 lbs., but the record was disqualified because sharks had bitten off a chunk—about 300 lbs.—of the tail.)

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Akron's *Beacon Journal* (circ. 14,441) last week started a serial which will take more than ten years to complete. The serial: the full text of the Bible, Old and New Testaments, which will run in daily 200-word installments. Explained the *Beacon Journal*: "Every one of us will be the better man and woman . . . for having spent 35 minutes a week with the Bible."

Voice of the Atom

There is one little magazine (circ. 5,600) whose voice is heard around the world. Its name: *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. Its subscribers in 55 countries (including 40 in Russia) read like an international Who's Who of statesmen, ne-

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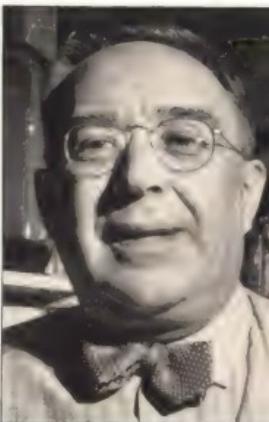
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Archie Lieberman

EDITOR RABINOWITCH

Three minutes to midnight.

commentators and scientists; many readers consider it a better source of information on the U.S. atomic-energy program than AEC's own reports to Congress.

Last week the *Bulletin* took a look at Russian science. Contrary to popular belief, wrote Editor Eugene Rabinowitch, the quality of science in Russia "is clearly on the upgrade . . . It is wrong to think of contemporary Soviet science as being largely paralyzed by . . . ignorant politicians." In many branches the Russians are turning out brilliant work. Warns the *Bulletin*: The U.S. should beware of "smug satisfaction with our own superiority . . . a belief that we can leave Soviet competition far behind simply by tightening secrecy and preventing leaks."

Penetrating Trickle. The *Bulletin* is quick to print such unpleasant facts as wage a battle for what it considers journalistic or scientific freedom. When the U.S., a year ago, slapped restrictions on the foreign circulation of U.S. technical

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journals, the *Bulletin* was in the forefront of the fight that got the order repealed. The *Bulletin* is well aware that the Russians read it to try to chart U.S. military and political thinking on the bomb. But Editor Rabinowitch thinks that the U.S. also gains by circulating the magazine in Russia. "It may be but a trickle of fresh water penetrating through the wall," said he, "but even the Russians cannot help being influenced or shaken in their Communist beliefs by what they read from the West."

The explosion of the first A-bombs over Japan led to the founding of the *Bulletin* in 1945. Many scientists, appalled at the destruction, felt that they needed a magazine to help educate the world about the atom bomb. They raised enough money to print 500 copies of a semimonthly newsletter. Rabinowitch, a 51-year-old, Russian-born physical chemist who worked on the Chicago bomb project and now teaches at the University of Illinois, had no trouble finding writers. He has seven Nobel Prize winners on his editorial board. Scientists like Albert Einstein, Harold C. Urey, Robert Oppenheimer and Leo Szilard write for him for nothing.

Approaching Midnight. The *Bulletin* still sells about \$30,000 a year (half its total cost), but its backers are increasing. Last week the Ford Foundation (see *NATIONAL AFFAIRS*) announced that in 1951 it gave the *Bulletin* \$25,000. The magazine is careful to print no classified material, has held up an article as long as three years for clearance. Despite this leisurely pace, the editors and contributors think that the world is running out of time in which to work out the international problems of the atom bomb. When the *Bulletin* began, the cover pictured a clock with the hands at eight minutes to midnight. Now the hands have been moved up to three minutes of twelve.

Lady About Town

Across the top of Page One, the *Washington Star* (circ., 226,573) splashed an eight-column banner: GENERAL EISENHOWER SUBMITS RESIGNATION. The story, under the byline of Columnist Doris Fleeson, reported that Ike's resignation "is at the White House." Columnist Fleeson had scored a small beat. Capital newsmen had been nibbling at the story, but none had said straight out that it was on the President's desk. The *Star's* confidence in Doris Fleeson's sources was not misplaced. Next day, the White House confirmed the news (see *NATIONAL AFFAIRS*).

As the top newshen in Washington and one of the capital's best political reporters, Columnist Fleeson gets her share of scoops for about 70 papers that carry her column. But her reputation depends more on her backstairs reporting of political plots & counterplots. Her pipelines into the Administration are so well placed that her columns on what the Fair Dealers are thinking often reveal what the Democrats will do long before they are ready to announce it or are quite sure themselves.

For example, last week she gently suggested that Vice President Barkley was



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getting a little old (74) to be thinking of running for President, an opinion, she says, that Truman also holds and that Barkley himself is coming around to. It well illustrated her talent for criticizing her friends in a motherly voice without losing them as friends—or sources.

Drawing-Room Beat. Columnist Fleeson gets so much fun out of her job that friends who see her gadding about sometimes wonder when she works. The answer is: all the time. Says she: "People sometimes talk to me about things other than politics," but not very often. With a combination of ladylike charm, blazing indignation and air-burning profanity, she manages to like and be liked by almost everybody in the capital.

In an average week she is likely to be busy for dinner almost every night, and never miss having lunch with "someone," which means anybody from Navy Secre-



Walter Bennett

COLUMNIST FLEESON
Who reads the second paragraph?

tary Dan Kimball to Eleanor Roosevelt. After Newbold Morris was roughly handled by a congressional committee for his part in the tanker deals (TIME, March 12), Columnist Fleeson carted him home to cheer him up with a home-cooked meal—and, incidentally, get a column out of him.

Back-Room Training. Politically, Columnist Fleeson considers herself a "non-partisan liberal." She got her first real taste of politics early, in Sterling, Kans. (pop. 2,239), where her father had a clothing store and more or less "ran the town from the back room." After graduating from the University of Kansas, she went East and got a job on a small Long Island paper. In 1927, she graduated to the New York Daily News. "There," she recalls, "we learned to hit 'em in the eye. We belonged to the who-the-hell-reads-the-second-paragraph school." She still tries to hit 'em in the eye, writes fast in a flat, straightforward style.

In 1930, she married News Columnist



1. Rugged Richard, businessman, who loved the great outdoors, came into town not long ago, and knocked at Statler's doors. "On other business trips," he said, "I've found the best hotel to be the Statler—it's just tops for making guests feel swell."



2. "The cooped-up life is not for me—I like the open air. That's why I love my Statler room—there's lots of space to spare. I've found pine needles can't compare with Statler's famous bed. Eight hundred thirty-seven springs! That's luxury!" he said.



3. Dick judged the Statler tub to be the indoor bath supreme. "In some ways this is better than a rushing mountain stream. The water's hot, there's lots of soap, and towels by the stack. You don't find those outside," he said while scrubbing up his back.



4. "I'm used to campfire vittles, and they're mighty hard to beat—but, still, these Statler chefs know how a human likes to eat! And as for breakfast, any guest can call the night before and name the time he wants a feast brought steaming through his door."



5. "The Statler's just a stone's throw from the business district, too. The trails are short to shows and shops, there's always lots to do. For comfort and convenience, for the city at its best, make tracks for Hotel Statler where you really are a guest."



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COLLEGES • MOTELS • CLUBS

John O'Donnell and wrote a "Capitol Stuff" column with him for eight years. But in the early '40s the two had a falling out. Among other things he had developed a bitter hatred for Roosevelt. Doris Fleeson got a divorce from the column and O'Donnell. She did a short term as a war correspondent for the *Woman's Home Companion*, then settled down to columning in Washington, where she set up a home in Georgetown for herself and her 20-year-old daughter, a Vassar student. Says she: "I hit people hard sometimes—but they seem to take it because they know 'I do that to everyone.'"

Keep It Simple

The New York *Daily News* thinks it knows how to speak plain American, and can point to 2,000,000 daily readers to back up its opinion. The *News* is constantly reminded of its own vulgar virtues—sometimes from rather surprising quarters. The latest was a series of articles (just published as a book) in *FORTUNE*, by William H. Whyte Jr., called *Is Anybody Listening?*—an attack on the confused and confusing manner in which U.S. business generally expresses itself. Pointing to itself with pride as an example of how to do it, the *News* approvingly listed its own rules for getting people to listen:

¶ "Keep it simple."
¶ "Use active words . . . 'Verbs and nouns fight. Adjectives and adverbs don't.'"
¶ "Never 'write down' to anybody . . . Our observation is that one of the worst libels ever committed against the American people is the ancient crack about their having the intelligence of a twelve-year-old . . . Much smarter, we think, was the late Raymond Clapper's advice to his fellow newspaper people: 'Never overestimate the public's information and never underestimate its intelligence.'"

¶ "Don't be afraid of 'dirty words' [like] 'profit and stockholder' . . . What the hell? Profits and stockholders exist don't they? The readers know they exist and all of 'em like both profits and dividend-paying stocks . . ."

¶ "The direct approach is usually best—meaning it's generally better than folksy, whimsical or cute stuff . . . Only a genuine old maestro can be whimsical or cute in print without making the average reader want to paste him in the snoot."

¶ "Frankly admit your self-interest in striving to preserve the American free-enterprise system . . ."

¶ "(And last, but not least). Forget that word 'masses.' The audience isn't 'masses.' It's made up of individuals, no two of whom are exactly alike and plenty of whom, bud, have just as much sense as you. Keep that thought in mind, and you'll almost automatically avoid the worst mistakes commonly made . . ."

Tch, Tch

The Washington *Daily News* gave a publishing welcome last week to Attorney General-designate James P. McGranery: "The Administration now will hide its grapes of McGrath in the ever normal McGranery."



She's all tied up...in poor system

How she cut loose



with Moore Fanfold set...1 typing



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It wasn't a strait jacket but /left like one—the office system that kept her and the rest of the staff strapped in low efficiency. It slowed progress and caused expensive errors. Red tape held up movement of customers' orders.

Everybody "cut loose" after a Moore man was invited in. He looked at 4 forms that were causing tie-ups. In their place, he designed a continuous

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To the men who have gone before...

We pause a moment here on these pages, foregoing our usual advertising message, because The Texas Company is 50 years old this month. We pause to pay tribute to the men who have gone before us who with their hands, their hearts and their minds built this great American company which is now in our trust.

We pay tribute to the adventurous spirit of the men who sought and found the stores of oil hidden so deeply and so long from mankind. We pay tribute to the careful men of science and precision who invented the intricate techniques of splitting petroleum into so many useful things — from asphalt to medicine.

We pay tribute to the men of vision who built the vast refineries and sent the oil out to the street corners of the world. We pay tribute to the men of labor who gave their years in the shop, in the sun and on the sea to make this company one of the sinews of strength of our country.

To these men we are grateful.



To the men who are yet to come...

We look ahead. We see The Texas Company of the future in the hands of those who today are busy with playthings. Some will, perhaps, be your own sons and grandsons. They will learn much at schools and colleges — much more than we did — because there is more to learn.

To them we will turn over our oil fields, refineries, tankers — and our knowledge — all we have, gathered slowly over the 50 years. They will add to it greatly. They will give you services that we do not now know. They will give you finer products for a finer standard of living, and, we trust, in a less troubled world.

Our greatest responsibility is to select as best we can from these young men and young women of the future those most fitted for these various tasks — those best able to serve America through this company.

We pledge ourselves to this duty.



50th
ANNIVERSARY
1902 — 1952

THE TEXAS COMPANY

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for Fifty Years

For you who like a hearty whiskey



If you're a man who likes a really hearty rye—a full-strength, full-bodied rye—Old Overholt is the one for you.

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Here's a rich and robust whiskey that a man can really *taste!* Bottled in bond at full 100 proof. Its popularity proves that a lot of people like just such a whiskey. Maybe you will too.

Old Overholt Straight Rye Whiskey

Its Good Taste



Always Stands Out

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N.Y.

RADIO & TV

TV Thaw

Half the nation is without television because of a construction "freeze" imposed in 1948 by the Federal Communications Commission. The ban on building new TV stations, supposed to last only a few months, actually lasted 3½ years, while FCC officials and the industry wrestled with the problems of color television, war scarcities and a shortage of TV channels. This week FCC finally lifted the ban, announced that in July it will start considering applications for new TV stations.

Now there are only 108 TV stations in the U.S. The new FCC ruling assigns a total of 2,053 stations to 1,291 communities, which will virtually blanket the U.S. and its possessions, from Alaska to Puerto Rico, with TV. Two hundred forty-two stations are to be set aside for noncommercial "educational use." To make sure there is room enough for everybody, FCC is also assigning 70 new ultra high frequency channels to television.

FCC Chairman Paul Walker hopes TV-hungry communities will not expect miracles overnight. Says he: "Television will not gallop to its new frontier. It will proceed at a snail's pace."

Delegates to a UNESCO conference on TV in Paris learned last week that 16 nations now have TV, and that eight others plan to join them by 1953. The U.S., with 17 million TV sets, has more than six times as many as the rest of the world; second place, Britain, with 1,350,000; third, Canada, with 90,000 (though it has no TV transmitters operating yet and must eavesdrop on U.S. telecasts). Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, France and the Soviet Union follow, with 30,000 to 50,000 sets each. With Germany, The Netherlands, Denmark, Switzerland and Argentina far behind. By this fall, Canada and seven Latin American nations expect to be televising their own shows.

Italians Are Disgusted

Italian radio listeners are in full revolt. Not only are they injured by a tax of nearly \$4 a year for each set, they are also insulted by virulent commercials. Last month, the Association of Italian Radio Listeners (200,000 members) sued Radio Audizioni Italiane, the government-controlled monopoly which runs Italian radio, demanding relief either from the commercials or the tax. The association's lawyers brought with them a recording of one day's output of commercials. Samples: a Baby Snooks-like voice whining: "Mama! I want my little cheese!", sounds of hacking, coughs, throat clearing and spitting (which a cold-cure advertiser broadcasts during mealtime). The court refused to listen. Said one harried judge: "You could hardly expect us to do that!"

The radio listeners lost their suit, promptly appealed to a higher court and, by last week, were enrolling so many new members that the post office had to add

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Modern Americans on the move call agents of



Your local Allied Agent is the No. 1 Specialist in local and long-distance moving, storage and packing. See your classified telephone directory. Agents from coast to coast.

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**THIS BUCKLE'S
A BATHING BEAUTY,
TOO**



Available in clear plastic or in any standard color, it's a jewel among snap buckles. It won't rust; its smoothly molded edges won't cut; it's easy to adjust and its DOT Segma socket snaps tight yet is easy to unfasten . . . and, incidentally, it saves 50% on critical materials.

This improved snap buckle is but one of thousands of tailor-made fasteners and allied devices designed and produced in volume by United-Carr for the leading manufacturers of clothing . . . automobiles, aircraft, electronic equipment and appliances, too.

If there is any way that specially engineered fasteners can help you . . . to speed assembly, cut costs or improve product performance . . . you'll find it pays to call in United-Carr — FIRST IN FASTENERS.

- Before bidding on government contracts requiring metal fasteners or special fastening devices, consult your nearest United-Carr field engineer.

UNITED-CARR

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

MAKERS OF **DOT** FASTENERS



employees to handle the letters pouring into the association's Genoa headquarters. Radio Audizioni Italiane, apparently impressed by the revolution, modified its commercial ways. In its new 25-year contract with the government, it agrees to 1) limit commercials to 5% of broadcast time, 2) ban singing commercials and any advertising "which may cause disgust to the listeners."

Hoover Is Disgruntled

Elder Statesman Herbert Hoover knows just how the Italians feel about radio (see above). At a dinner in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria honoring his boyhood friend, Lee De Forest, whose three-element tube made radio possible, Hoover lamented that the invention had also made possible the broadcasting of "the worst music on earth—and political speeches." Said the ex-President: "Perhaps the worst of his results is the singing commercial . . . And then there is the fellow who cannot sponsor a program without periodic interruption of huckster chatter into the midst of a great drama." Hoover urged De Forest to redeem himself with another invention: "That is the push button by which we could transmit our emotions instantly back to the broadcasters."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, April 18. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Musicland, U.S.A. (Fri. 8 p.m., CBS). Excerpts from *Pal Joey*, *Guys & Dolls*, *Three Wishes for Jamie*.

Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Guest: Boris Karloff.

Theater of the Air (Sat. 8:30 p.m., Mutual). Zachary Taylor in *Billy the Kid*.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Soloist: Pianist Artur Rubinstein, playing Tchaikovsky's *Piano Concerto No. 1*.

The Big Show (Sun. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Tallulah Bankhead and her guests: Groucho Marx, George Sanders, Fred Allen, Ethel Merman, Frank Sinatra.

Stars in the Air (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., CBS). *Deep Waters*, with William Lundigan, Mona Freeman.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Walter Hampden in *Now's the Time*.

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Starring Jimmy Durante, with Bette Davis.

Lux Video Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Angela Lansbury in *Operation Weekend*.

I Love Lucy (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). Better-than-average domestic comedy, with Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Terese Wright in *And Never Come Back*.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Glynis Johns in *Lily, Queen of the Movies*. **Pulitzer Prize Playhouse** (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). Booth Tarkington's *The Fascinating Stranger*, with Thomas Mitchell.

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In Your Own Office!**

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ANCHOR FENCE will make sure your children are safe . . . safe in your yard . . . away from traffic! What's more, Anchor Fence protects your garden and shrubbery from vandals and trespassers, day and night. Keeps pets from straying.

Factory-trained Anchor erectors will install your Anchor Fence at modest cost, on budget terms.

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Nation-wide Sales and Erecting Service.

MAGNESIUM

and the
SALEABILITY



of your product

Competition is a great American institution to the consumer—but at times it plays havoc with your sales department. The simple solution, of course, is "build a better mousetrap." And it may be just that simple when you use magnesium.

The many inherent advantages of this ultra-light metal become sales advantages for you. In many cases great savings in weight through increased use of magnesium has made possible numerous design improvements and the addition of extra sales features. Also, consider the psychological effect a lightweight product has over a heavier one—even when the weight is of no functional

importance! With but a few obvious exceptions, anything that has to be moved or lifted will gain consumer acceptance quicker, if it's lighter. Many of the country's more progressive manufacturers have already found that magnesium permits better design, better performance . . . hence, a more saleable product.

So if you are making, or contemplate making anything in which light weight is important—or if you are just bent on beating competition—plan with magnesium. It has already made many products better, more versatile, easier to handle, more profitable to sell . . . it may improve yours.



This Little "Pig" Was Drafted . . .

Today, magnesium like many other metals, is a tremendously important part of our defense effort, particularly where light weight is a specification in design. As a result, the supply for commercial uses is often limited. But "tomorrow," magnesium promises new horizons in the field of metal supply. *The seas, at our own shores, can provide 100 million tons per year for a million years without significantly reducing the supply!*

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DOW



Words of the Week

"God has implanted in us a yearning for everlasting life. To pretend that we do not have this longing is at great a self-deception as to act uninterested when the dinner bell rings. Whether our lives are happy or unhappy, or—like most lives—a confusing blend of dullness and joy and anguish, within each of us is the hunger for a kind of life so radiant and intense that the grave will not be able to frustrate it. God has created us this way; He has built the desire into our very being."

—The Rev. Chad Walsh
in *Episcopal Churchnews*.

Keep It Up

Five Church of Christ ministers from Washington dropped in at the White House last week to present Harry Truman with a large new Bible. The President, who knows his Bible well, embellished the occasion with some pertinent texts. "A great many people," he observed, "know of the passage in *Isaiah* which reads, 'They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks.' But not many people know that further on the Bible says, 'Beat your plowshares into swords and your pruning hooks into spears.'" The second passage the President quoted is from *Joel* (3:10), one of the minor prophets. "They call authors of certain sections of the Bible the minor prophets," the President said, "but they are minor only in that the books are short, and that's really a point in their favor."

From Bible-reading, the talk turned to the problem of divorce. The President and the ministers agreed that religious couples stick together. Harry Truman could not recall a divorce on either side of his family. "You can't go wrong," he told the ministers, "if you found your principles on the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of the *Gospel of Matthew*."

The President then explained why he is not a constant churchgoer. The reason: too much fuss and publicity about it. "When I go to church I go to worship," said Harry Truman. "I never like to be a

* The Sermon on the Mount.

RELIGION



© Cape Argus

Ex-PASTOR MALAN

Secular power; religious weakness.

two-headed calf at a church service . . . You know, Cal Coolidge used to attend the Congregational Church at 10th and G Street, and he just about broke it up." When he does go to church, the President commented, "I like to sneak up on 'em."

The ministers reminded him that they always remember the President in prayer. Said Harry Truman: "That's what keeps us going. Keep it up."

Political Predikants

The Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa (official title: Nederduits Gereformeerde Kerk) bares its teeth indiscriminately at frolicking, modern bathing suits and free speech. Along with its two smaller sister communions, it has denounced Christmas celebrations as "heathen rites" and castigated South Africans, especially women, for smoking and drinking. At its last synod the church elders condemned Freemasonry, the equality of

chests with veiled Vala, who symbolizes earthbound womanhood.

VESSELS OF IMMORTAL LIFE

Critics agree that William Blake was one of history's most deeply religious poets and painters—though they cannot agree on what his religion was. In 1761, when he was only four, Blake started his parents with the announcement that he had seen the Godhead at his window. In 1827, when he was near death, he flabbergasted his friends with a 100-page philosophical poem called *Jerusalem*, which he not only illustrated but engraved and printed himself. His contemporaries called it "perfectly mad."

Blake tried and failed to sell the only copy of the poem which he published in color. Last week the William Blake Trust put 500 facsimile color reproductions of *Jerusalem* on sale, at \$95 a copy. Buyers would find the text hot & heavy going, the illustrations magnificent.

The simplest interpretation of the illustrations reproduced on the next two pages hints at the poem's obscurity. On the opposite page, naked Jerusalem, symbolizing a sort of spiritual utopia,

chats with veiled Vala, who symbolizes earthbound womanhood. The children point the way upward to glory. At the top of the next page, Jerusalem tries to explain to a flaming workman that the French Revolution was not a happy one. Below stands the central figure of Time, flanked by Man with the sun on his shoulder, and Woman spinning a blood-red thread of mortal life.

The extravagance of Blake's fantasies (and his anticlerical vehemence) blinded his contemporaries to the height and depth of his spirit. In Blake's wide eyes, human beings were vessels of immortal life, beset with evil yet striving mightily for the divine implanted within them. He painted them that way:

*For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.*

the sexes and the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights (as defying the "pattern of inequality" which God created).

Politically, the church has not been so fastidious. Claiming two-thirds of South Africa's 1,500,000 Boers as members, it has been a powerful and unabashed leader of extreme Boer nationalism. During World War II, Reformed *predikants* (Afrikaans for "pastors") refused to baptize children of South African soldiers who were fighting with the British against the Germans. Daniel Malan, once a *predikant* himself, has lined up most of his fellow clergymen behind his rabble-rousing campaign for *apartheid* (race segregation policy). "The Negroes," the church has officially announced, "cannot have the vote because they are incapable of exercising it with responsibility towards God."

The "Herrengroup." Only a few clergymen have dared to denounce church policy. Last week in Cape Town, 45-year-old Pastor Daniel Devos, once a highly regarded member of the synod, addressed a rally in support of a new nonpolitical church of his own. Said Pastor Devos: "One thousand political *predikants* rule behind the scenes, change cabinets at will, control the church." Both church and government leaders consolidate their power through a secret society, the *Broderbond*—Brotherhood. "Their aim," he added, "is a republic which will suppress all resistance and destroy the freedom of all races except a single 'Herrengroup.'"

An audience of 2,500 applauded, but few came forward to sign up. Boer nationalists like the Reformed Church precisely because it is such a handy political tool. Less politically minded churchgoers, instead of joining Reformed splinter sects like Devos', have switched to other Protestant sects or to Roman Catholicism. "Like vultures battenning on a dead body," the church's official newspaper, *Kerkbede*, commented, "the sects batton on the church." Angry the political *predikants* have rebuked Roman Catholic nuns for refusing to discriminate in hospital work between blacks & whites.

Shut-Up Shops. A few days after Devos' speech on Good Friday, the political power and the religious weakness of the

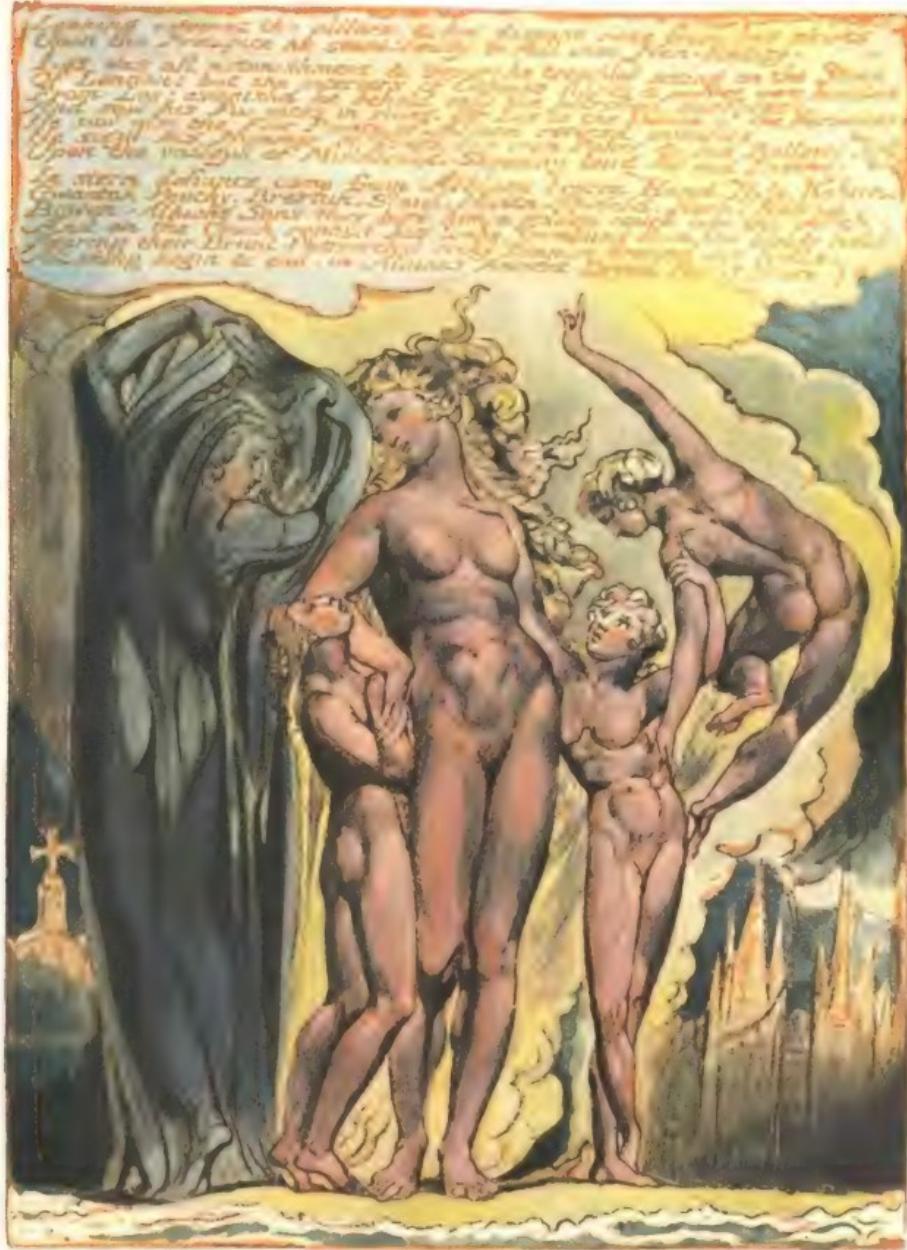


ILLUSTRATION FROM BLAKE'S "JERUSALEM": "FATEFUL CHOICE"



JERUSALEM (RIGHT) & WORKER



MAN, TIME AND WOMAN.

Dutch Reformed Church were contrasted. Out of sympathy for the *predikants'* strict-construction Calvinism, the government declared the day a strictly religious public holiday.

No afternoon papers were published. Not a theater, restaurant or shop was left open throughout the Union of South Africa.* Only one thing marred the pious observance of the political *predikants*: very few in their congregations seemed to choose to go to church.

Is Freud Sinful?

Signs in Rome last week suggested that the Vatican's unofficial truce with psychoanalysis might be over. Writing for the *Bulletin of the Roman Clergy*, Monsignor Fericle Felici, an official of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments, loudly attacked "the absurdity of psychoanalysis." He stated flatly that anyone who adopts the Freudian method is risking mortal sin.†

Official Vatican spokesmen quickly slid out from under Monsignor Felici's words. He wrote, they protested, as an individual; signed articles in the *Bulletin*, a monthly magazine for clergy of the Rome diocese, do not represent official church opinion, much less dogma. Monsignor Felici corroborated them: "It was an effort at making a personal judgment on Freudian psychology."

A spokesman added the official Roman Catholic caution on psychoanalysis: only "its excesses and deformations" must be avoided. These specifically include the Freudian's habit of labeling all human virtues "sublimated sexual emotions" (Monsignor Felici, in his article, had noted the same evil). Concluded the Vatican: "Should psychoanalytic treatment be judged harmful to the spiritual health of the faithful, the church would not hesitate to take adequate steps to brand it as such. Nothing, so far, indicates that such steps are about to be taken."

Zoning

For two years Pastor Howard D. McCalmon's First United Presbyterian congregation has fought a court battle to build a church in a cozy residential district in northwestern Detroit. They were opposed, in the courts, by 15 of the area's 236 residents, who cited residential zoning laws in their support. Last week the Michigan state supreme court ruled that the church could not be built. A 6-1 decision agreed with the complainants' claim that the church would "destroy the residential character of their homes, attract large crowds, create parking problems, noises and interfere with their privacy."

* A distant relative of the Reformed Church, the Free Church of Scotland, although nonpolitical, is equally strict in its religious interpretation. Militant Free Churchmen, best known to Scots as the "Wee Frees," this month published a stern complaint against the larger and more liberal Church of Scotland for "its indiscriminate and reckless traffic" in dances, whisky drives and theatrical productions.

† For another critical verdict, see MEDICINE.



NEW "CAT" IN THE SKY

Now the COUGAR, a sleek, swept-wing successor to the battle proved PANTHER, takes its place in a long line of famous Grumman fighters. Ruggedness and reliability are inherent in this newest turbo-jet. These are traditional Grumman characteristics that Navy and Marine pilots have used to advantage since early World War II days when WILDCATS were clawing Jap Zeros.

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MEDICINE



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Patrolman Forest Parkey is an instructor in judo at Cleveland's Police Academy. He never learned to wrestle a baby into the world, but he had seen a standard birth-of-a-baby film a dozen times at the academy, so he was not much worried when his wife woke him at 4 a.m. last week and told him she had labor pains.

With a fair appearance of calm, he telephoned the hospital and the family doctor. He bundled his wife into the back seat of the car and started for Lutheran Hospital, twelve miles away. On the way they passed two other hospitals. Each time, Parkey



Herman Seid

PATROLMAN PARKY
Said his wife: "Keep going."

shouted, "Shall I stop?" Each time, his wife answered faintly: "Keep going."

But a mile from Lutheran, Mrs. Parkey screamed. Parkey jammed on the brakes. "Now it's coming," he said to himself. He got in the back of the car. "I remembered everything in the film without trying. Lift the baby's chin and head. Ease out the nose and mouth so it can start breathing. Then turn the baby 90 degrees to get the shoulders out. Then hold on." It came fast. When I heard a little cry I knew everything was all right."

It took Patrolman Parkey just five minutes to deliver his baby daughter.

Diet & Health

Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things.

—Genesis 9:3

Ever since the days described in *Genesis*, some men have liked meat and others have shunned it with loathing (besides uncounted millions who eat none because they can get none). The roll of promi-

dent vegetarians includes such diverse figures as Gandhi and Shelley, George Bernard Shaw and Gloria Swanson. Though all vegetarians are sure they are healthier than carnivores, and hope to live longer, medical science has had few facts on which to base a comparison. Working toward a Harvard degree in public health, Dr. Mervyn G. Hardinge has now collected more facts.

Vegetarians, Dr. Hardinge found, have to be divided into two major classes: moderates (officially known as lacto-ovo-vegetarians), who will use milk and eggs but no flesh, fish or fowl, and purists, who exclude milk and eggs. He chose 86 moderates—some adults in the upper age brackets, some adolescents and some pregnant women. Pure vegetarians are so rare that Dr. Hardinge could find only 25 adults (none of them pregnant) and one adolescent for his study. Then he picked 88 normal, omnivorous neighbors for comparison, and went to work on weights and measurements, blood pressure, blood analyses and a detailed check for physical disorders connected with diet. His major findings:

¶ Vegetarians, especially the "pure" kind, are so diet-conscious that they nearly always get the right amounts of all the food elements, including protein (which the moderates get from eggs, and the nuts from nuts). With milk and eggs, a vegetarian diet is fine for growing youths and expectant mothers.

¶ Raised as such from the cradle, vegetarians grow as tall as anybody else.

¶ The moderate adult vegetarians and meat-eaters averaged 12 to 15 lbs. overweight; the simon-pures ran about eight pounds underweight.

¶ Blood pressure and most of the chemicals in the blood average almost the same in all three groups. However, moderate vegetarians have a little less cholesterol in their blood than meat-eaters, and pure vegetarians have strikingly less. (This might mean something if doctors can ever figure out the tie-up between cholesterol and heart-and-artery disease.)

Dr. Hardinge could come to no conclusion as to whether his vegetarian subjects are going to live longer than their fellows. He could not even tell whether they get as many colds. But the vegetarians are at least as healthy as their kin who spend a lot of money for steak. One likely reason appears in Dr. Hardinge's study: vegetable-eaters spend so much time working in their gardens.

Mental Pay Dirt

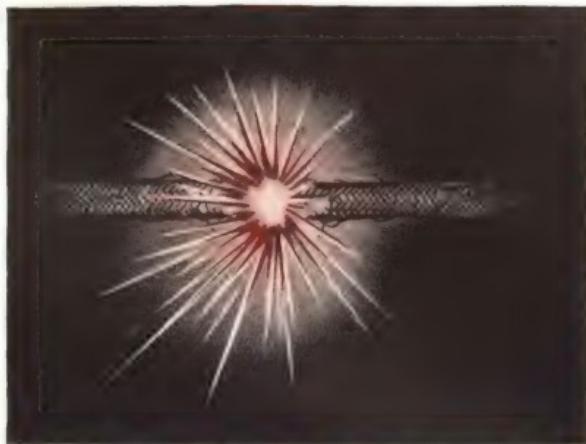
Among the foes of Freudian psychoanalysis, few are bitterer than psychologists of rival schools. A savagely outwitting example is Andrew Salter, Manhattan behaviorist and hypnotist, spleenetic disciple of Ivan Petrovich Pavlov. Psychologist Salter paid his respects to the Freudians and set out his own pet creed in *Conditioned Reflex Therapy* (TIME, Oct. 10, 1949). Now older (37) but no mellower, Salter makes another attack in *The Case Against Psychoanalysis* (Holt; \$2.50).

Salter points jeeringly at Freud's own

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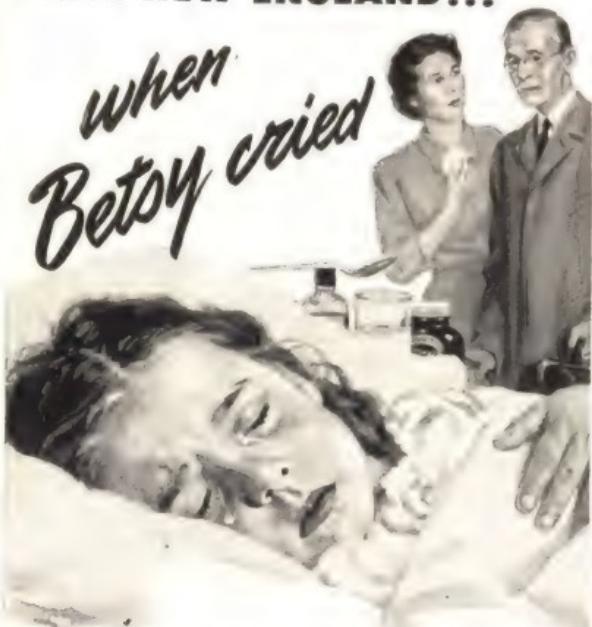
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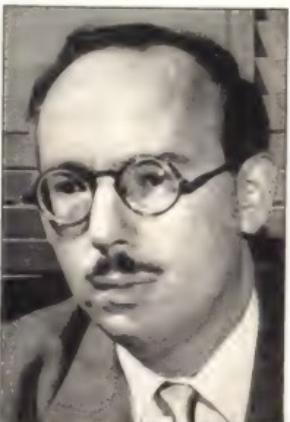
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followers who, he says, "have become filled with doubts and are constantly reinterpreting and rewriting the Master's gospel. There are the Jungians and the Adlerians, the Stekelites and the Reichians, the Horneyites and the Menningerites, and the so-called Washington and Chicago Schools. Great indeed is the confusion of tongues."

From an old (1940) technical journal, Salter cuts a case which he thinks may still be news for laymen: Psychologist Carney Landis, who underwent 221 hours of psychoanalysis for a Rockefeller Foundation inquiry. During it, Landis asked his analyst, "What is normality?" "I don't know," the analyst replied. "I never deal with normal people."

Landis persisted: "But suppose a really normal person came to you?"

Admitted the analyst: "Even though he were normal at the beginning of the



Ed Cornell—Graphic House
PSYCHOLOGIST SALTER
Down with Freud.

analysis, the analytic procedure would create a neurosis."

To Psychologist Salter, the procedure of psychoanalysis is like salting a mine. "The analyst sprinkles and buries false nuggets of Oedipus, castration (or penis envy) and bisexuality," he writes. "Then, as the patient digs (where he is directed to dig) and discovers the planted material, the analyst is convinced that he has struck pay dirt . . . It is by suggestion that the patient is taught to find what he never possessed in the first place . . . Psychoanalysis can make no discoveries in the individual. It can only discover itself."

"Modern psychology," Salter goes on, "has shown Freud's map of the mind to be as inaccurate and wildly fanciful as the pre-Columbian maps of the New World." And with approval he quotes Sociologist Pitirim Sorokin: "What is sound in Freudianism is very old; what is new, very doubtful."

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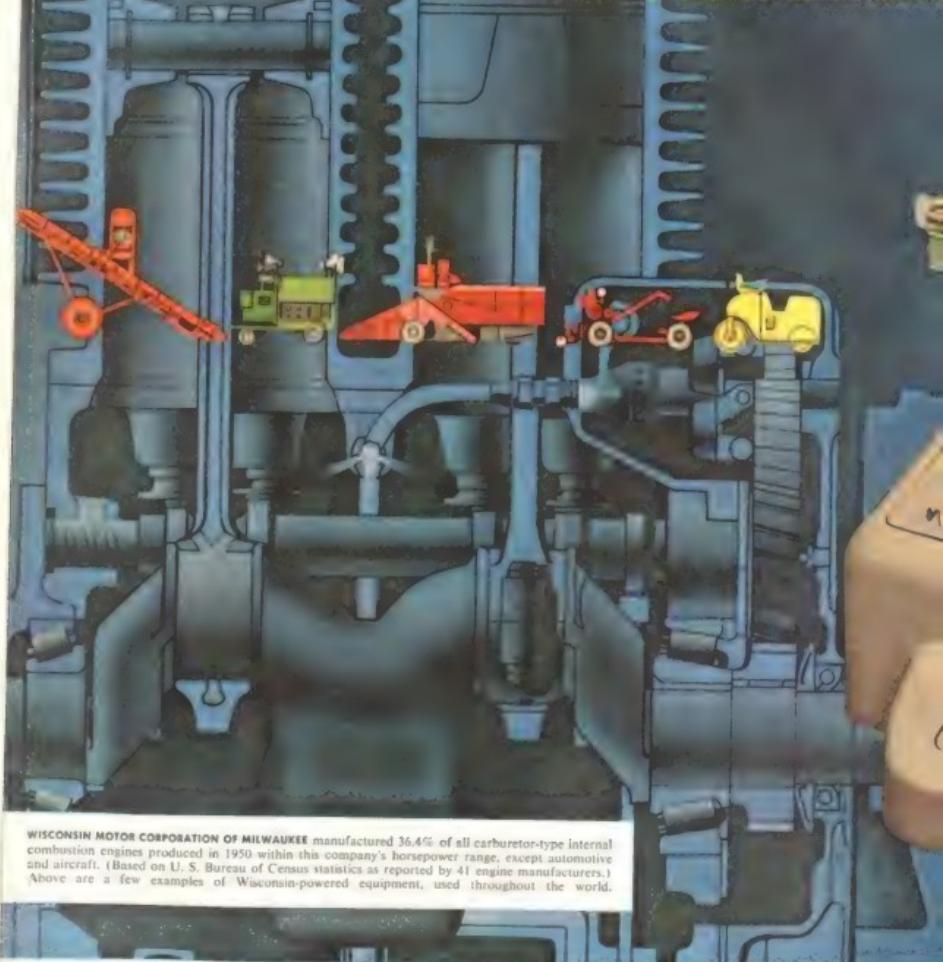
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Sensation at La Scala

Oldtimers at La Scala pronounced her singing sensational. All Milan has been talking this winter about Maria Meneghini Callas. This powerful new dramatic soprano is an American-born singer who has never sung a note in the land of her birth. Her parents, who came from Greece, took her on a lengthy visit to the old country when she was 13, and she has been in the U.S. only once since then.

On her first opening night at La Scala, last December, 30-year-old Soprano Callas made a smashing hit in Verdi's *Sicilian*



MARIA CALLAS
"A funny kind of voice."

Vespers. Milan critics kissed their fingers-tips in ecstasy over her sureness, her "miraculous throat" and the "phosphorescent beauty" of her middle range. Her performances of *Norma* (eight of them) were enthusiastic sellouts. Last week she was collecting more bravos in a difficult role in which even her most ardent admirers had feared for her: the vocally acrobatic part of Constanze in Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio*.

Two years ago it was a different story. La Scala heard her then and yawned. Maria Callas thinks she knows why: "I have a funny kind of voice, and often people don't like it the first time they hear it. One has to hear me more and more." After singing in the Italian operatic "sticks"—Parma, Florence, Rome—she finally got a chance at La Scala when leading Soprano Renata Tebaldi fell sick.

Maria Callas is married to an Italian industrialist and considers Italy her home.

She would like to come to the Met, which has made her offers, but only for the right money and the right operas—her La Scala hit, *I Puritani*, for instance. Says she: "I don't gamble in my singing. If an opera is good for me, I know it."

A Tenor Who Rhymes

At one point in *La Bohème*, Rodolfo, the tenor lover, sings out: "Who am I?—I am a poet . . . In poverty I yet indulge myself like a Grand Seigneur in rhymes . . ." When Richard Tucker sings those lines he can partly mean them: in his eight years at the Metropolitan Opera, he has been privately amusing himself by writing doggerel. Last week Tucker gave out some samples:

Dear Mimi, sweet Mimi
Of *La Bohème* fame,
Face, pretty as a picture,
And gosh! What a frame!

Carmen could be charmin'.
Knittin' and darrin',
But we prefer, most of us guys,
A Carmen who's pullin' the wool over
our eyes.

Poor disappointed Don Carlo,
Wanting a Queen for his doll-o,
Found that his midnight visitor
Was only the Grand Inquisitor.

And a final one for the boss:
Ode to Rudolf Bing
"For he I sing!"

Says Doggerel Tucker, "I've got a whole drawer of them."

End of an Era

Seldom has there been such a musical love match as San Francisco and Pierre Monteux have both been enjoying. In 17 years as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, Monteux's teddy-bear figure and walrus mustache have become as well known and beloved by San Franciscans as their ferry boats and cable cars. Last week, as the idyl came to an end, San Francisco took a dab at its eyes.

Crowds overflowed the opera house for all three of "Papa" Monteux's final concerts. His swan song was the same great work with which he has closed his 16 previous seasons: Beethoven's choral symphony (No. 9). At the end, the audience gave the four soloists a polite round. When the old (77) conductor started to trudge offstage, he was recalled for ten minutes of shrieking and hysterical cheers. Papa Monteux finally waved them into quiet, then found that all he could say was: "Thank you . . . I will not say goodbye, but au revoir."

Orchestra Builder. The *Call-Bulletin* tried to say something for the nonmusical man: "We'll leave all the fancy words about his greatness as a musician to the music critics and just say that he was an extraordinarily likable guy, and that San Francisco will miss him and Mme. Mon-



"... so this witch doctor says,
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teux very much." Lamented the *Chronicle*: "The end of an era in the cultural life of this community."

It was indeed the end of an era. Pierre Monteux came to San Francisco from the Boston Symphony (where he preceded Koussevitzky) to take over a depression-racked orchestra that had given only four concerts the year before. He built its season into 22 weeks, and the orchestra itself into one of the half-dozen finest in the land. He gave San Franciscans clear and powerful Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner, surpassing performances of Franck and Berlioz, engaging ones of the music of his friends Debussy, Ravel and Stravinsky. He wanted to quit San Francisco "while I can still conduct."

A Vivacious Can-can. Monteux was not the man for solemn speeches or long faces. His 96 musicians gave him a party at which the eleven women of the orchestra



Boris Lifshits-Chevalier

PIERRE MONTEUX
An extraordinarily likable guy."

put on a vivacious can-can. Cracked Monteux, "It took me 17 years to see what pretty legs they have." With enormous gusto, he knifed into a huge cake lettered "Au revoir, cher Maître." And he set straight one matter that has intrigued San Franciscans for years: "I make you a declaration. My hair, it is not dyed."

Although Monteux is 77, he does not intend to stop conducting. He will lead the Boston Symphony, as associate conductor with Charles Munch, during a European tour next month. And this summer he will conduct in Manhattan's Lewisohn Stadium, at Tanglewood and at Chicago's Ravinia Park, and run his conducting school in Maine. He is booked at home & abroad straight through the spring of 1953.

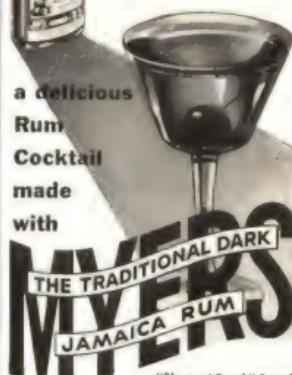
San Francisco will get along next season with guest conductors. Everyone in town agrees with the *Examiner*: "It is going to be very, very hard to find a new conductor who will keep up Monteux's standards of mastery."

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New Records

Claude Debussy did not like the way Felix Weingartner conducted Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*—"with the care of a conscientious gardener. He tidied it so neatly as to produce the illusion of a meticulously finished landscape in which the gently undulating hills are made of plush at ten francs the yard, and the foliage is crimped with curling tongs." Weingartner survived this crushing criticism, was one of the most celebrated conductors of his day (1863-1942). In Vienna, Berlin and in the U.S., which he visited twice, he was noted for his performances of the Beethoven and Brahms symphonies.

In the '20s and the '30s, Columbia recorded Weingartner's performances of all 13 symphonies. Bestsellers in their day, they have long been out of stock. Now, "by request," Columbia has repressed them on LP. Few listeners will side with Debussy. Weingartner proves to be a tidy conductor indeed, but from these recordings, some made with the Vienna Philharmonic, some with the London Symphony, his chief characteristic seems to be mellow and spacious splendor.

Other new records:

Mahler: *Songs of a Wayfarer* (Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano, with orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult; Victor, 1 side LP). Mahler's hauntingly lovely song cycle here gets a pure and richly expressive performance. Recording: excellent.

Mozart: *Quintet in A, K. 581* (Benny Goodman, clarinet; the American Art Quartet; Columbia, 2 sides LP). Mozart was fascinated with the "soft, sweet breath" of the clarinet, still a novelty in his day. He wrote three chamber works for it, of which this is the best. Benny Goodman plays cleanly and with style. Recording: excellent.

Puccini: *La Bohème* (Licia Albanese, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conducting; Victor, 4 sides LP). This recording of the Maestro's 1946 broadcast will make opera fans regrettably aware of how seldom they hear a first-rate performance of *Bohème*. Toscanini, who conducted the world première in 1896, gives it a rare force, clarity and subtlety. The singers are all in fine voice—including amateur Baritone Toscanini, whose hoarse old bawling can be clearly heard accompanying the principals in several passages. Recording: excellent. A new recording of *Tosca* (Cetra-Soria, 4 sides LP) is not so happy. Soprano Adriana Guerrini is shrill as Tosca. Tenor Gianni Poggi and Baritone Paolo Silveri only passable as Cavaradossi and Scarpia. Recording: good.

Verdi: *Otello* (excerpts) (Ramon Vinay, tenor; Eleanor Steber, soprano; Franco Guarnera, baritone; Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, Fausto Cleva conducting; Columbia, 2 sides LP). This anthology includes the best duets and arias of Verdi's best opera. Vinay defends his title as the finest Moor of the day, and Steber makes a pure-voiced Desdemona; Guarnera is not malignant enough to do Iago full justice. Recording: excellent.

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EDUCATION

Conant Sees a Menace

U.S. public schools have been traditionally classless and nonsectarian. To Harvard's James Bryant Conant, that is the way they should be. Last week, in an alarmist mood, he called the rise of private and denominational schools a menace to "our democratic unity."

"There are," said he, "many sincere Protestants, Jews and Catholics who believe that secondary education divorced from a denominational religious core is bad education . . . That such people have a right to organize their own schools I do not question . . . [But] to my mind, our schools should serve all creeds . . . Therefore, to use taxpayers' money to assist [private schools] is, for me, to suggest that American society use its own hand to destroy itself . . . A dual system [of schools] serves and helps to maintain group cleavages . . ."

Conant admits that not all parents who send their children to private (or parochial) schools do so for religious or "snob" reasons; many do it because they feel that some U.S. public high schools are inadequate. To these parents, Conant offers rather cold comfort: "The family will have to balance these misgivings against the advantages to the boy of mixing with all sorts of people . . ."

Conant's proposed solution is not the abolition of private and parochial schools ("This is a free country, and people will not be pushed around by educators") but to improve the high schools. "The false antithesis between education for the gifted and education for all American youth must be resolved . . . Then one demand for a further increase in private independent education will largely disappear."

Gone Respectable

When existentialism first became the rage in Paris, she was a slinky creature with a dubious reputation. She came from a good enough family (one grandfather was Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard, as respectable as he was gloomy), but the lady's morals were, to say the least, confused. But that never stopped anyone from making a hit in Paris.

The sidewalk existentialists said that, since nothing really mattered very much, everything mattered. Since life was too utterly futile, everybody ought to live it to the hilt. "It is absurd for us to be born," proclaimed existentialism's protector, Jean-Paul Sartre. "It is absurd for us to die." For Parisian intellectuals, desperately in quest of an interesting pose, this was the ticket.

In St. Germain des Prés, on the Left Bank, long-haired men and short-haired women worked diligently to keep the cult going. Bebop boites, hairdos, beards, evening gowns, newspapers, cocktails, hot-dog stands became "existentialist." An under-tipped taxi driver would curse: "Espèce d'existentialiste!" Existentialism became a familiar tourist attraction, like the

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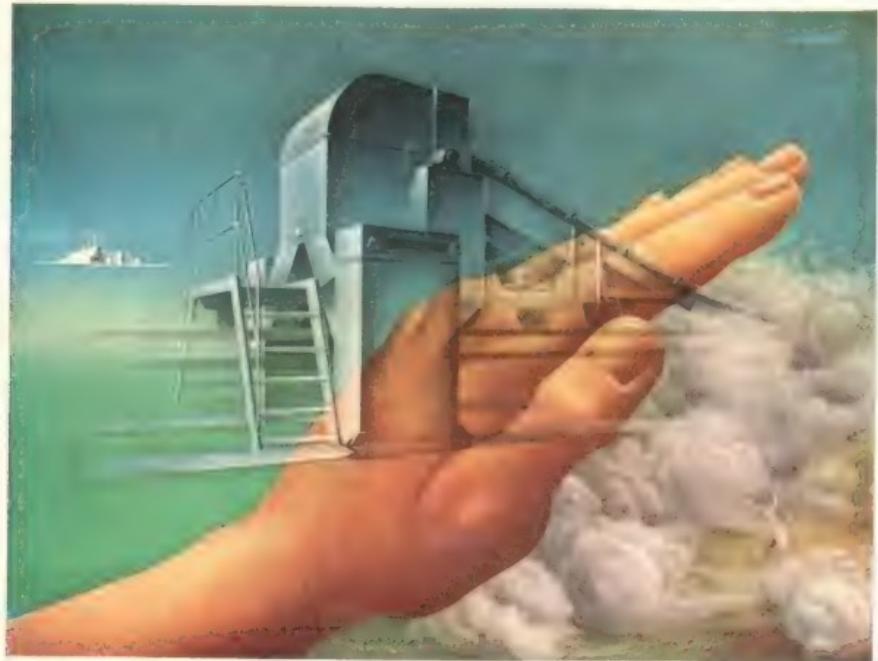
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Folies-Bergère. Sartre, increasingly successful and respectable, occasionally deplored the popularizations of his fad—he even felt compelled to move out of his favorite café, the Flore, to escape the tourists' vulgar stares. Last week existentialism took its ultimate step to solid respectability. The dignified Collège de France elected Existentialist Philosopher Maurice Merleau-Ponty—an old school friend of Sartre's—to its coveted chair of philosophy.

The Collège (founded in 1530 by François I) is something like the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton; its members do not have to bother with students or lectures; they get paid (about \$5,000 a year) to sit and think. This Merleau-Ponty is eminently well qualified to do. A shy, retiring type, less noticed than his



Gollimard
EXISTENTIALIST MERLEAU-PONTY
He will sit and think.

flashier school chum, he has been writing heavy technical works on philosophy (*The Structure of Behavior*, *The Phenomenology of Perception*). In the existentialist cafés, Merleau-Ponty's appointment was greeted with dismay. "Ca alors," protested a young woman in blue denim and a wind jacket, "you think you are in the avant-garde and then one day, presto, you are in the rear guard."

Engineer Shortage

The U.S., the world's greatest technological civilization, is running short of engineers. For years it looked as if there would be a glut, not a shortage. Engineering students used to spend their last spring in college like any other seniors: looking for jobs. But today industry competes for their services with the fierce cunning of Hollywood star-snatchers; they are wooed by eager personnel men, treated to lavish dinners, whisked off on inspection trips to factories. Most engineering graduates have at least half a dozen offers, with an average starting salary of \$350 a month.

One large company recently offered to



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hire Yale's entire crop of graduate electrical engineers—sight unseen. Another promised the University of Santa Clara to employ even those engineering students who flunk their finals. Men about to be drafted are being signed to promissory contracts for the future. "It's like a fraternity rush," said the University of California's Associate Dean Everett Howe last week. "It's bad for the boys; it hurts their world and inflates their egos."

But there are just not enough engineers to go around. Only 28,000 will graduate this June. Twice that number would not fill industry's demand.

Prophets & Experts. Enrollment in engineering schools is only slightly more than in 1940, while industry's demand has increased tremendously under the impetus of war production. Worried industrialists also blame 1) the low birth rate of the '30s, which has kept college classes limited; 2) the armed forces, which snatch many engineering students before private industry gets them (the greatest concentration of M.I.T. graduates in the world now works at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base); 3) a wrong steer (fostered by prophetic experts) that engineering would soon be an overcrowded profession.

Westinghouse statisticians calculate that in 1960 only one engineer was needed for every 250 workers in industry, by 1930 it took one engineer for 100, and soon one engineer will be needed for 50.

Fads & Favoritism. Industrialists admit that the shortage is partly their fault. A spokesman for U.S. Steel estimated last week that 75% of the jobs for which new engineers are hired could be filled by bachelors of arts. It has become a fad in U.S. industry to hire an engineer for almost any position. Today a man can study civil engineering, then get a sudden hankering for aeronautics, and any one of the major aircraft companies will hire him. If he tires of his slide rule and looks for work as a salesman, he will get preference because he is a trained engineer.

In one sense, the rush to hire engineers endangers the future supply. Seeing their former students get higher starting salaries in industry than they make after years of teaching, many instructors are quitting the campus. Few young men are filling the gaps in the teaching staffs.

Supply & Demand. What can be done? Educators and industrialists suggest some remedies:

¶ Engineers should be more wisely and efficiently used in industry.

¶ Women should be encouraged to go into certain types of engineering jobs. Last year, of some 40,000 engineering degrees granted, only 77 went to women.

¶ High-school students with some technical schooling should be persuaded to continue at engineering schools rather than take high-paying jobs right away.

Despite industry's frantic efforts, the demand for engineers will continue to outstrip the supply—unless a sudden, unlikely end to world tension should bring a cutback of war production. The class of '52 is graduating into a technicians' world and an engineers' market.



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Appointments of the Week

Chemist James Stacy Coles, 38, appointed to succeed Kenneth C. M. Sills (TIME, May 24, 1948) as president of Bowdoin College. An expert on explosives, friendly "Spike" Coles got his Ph.D. at Columbia, became professor and later dean at Brown University, was voted by the girls at Pembroke (Brown's feminine adjunct) their most popular professor.

Psychologist Leonard Carmichael, 53, to succeed Ornithologist Alexander Wetmore as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, affectionately known as the "nation's attic." A Harvard Ph.D., Carmichael became a full professor at Brown at 29, moved on to be dean of the arts and



Warren Kay Vanline
PSYCHOLOGIST CARMICHAEL
To the attic he will go.

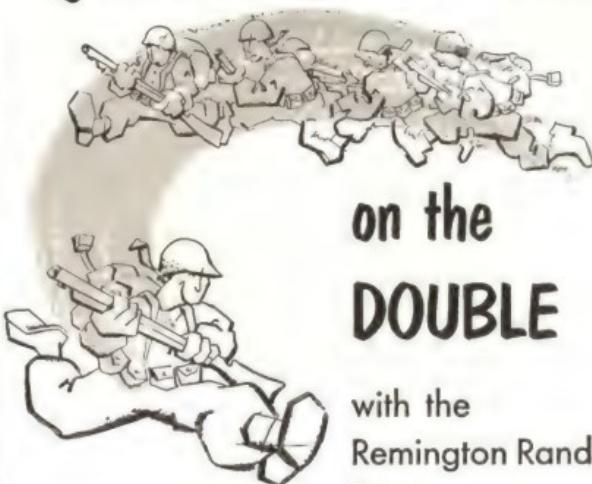
science faculty at the University of Rochester, in 1938 was made president of Tufts College.

Art Professor Hugh F. McKean, 43, to succeed Paul A. Wagner as president of Rollins College. A longtime Rollins faculty man, McKean took over as acting president after the famous Rollins row, when Wagner tried to fire a third of the faculty as an "economy measure" (TIME, March 29, 1951 *et seq.*). Last week, McKean started off his term with the glowing announcement that he was out to get \$10 million by 1960. First bit for the kitty: \$100,000, donated by the college's friends and trustees.

Fall of the Fortress

After more than 60 years of proud masculinity, Georgia Tech, home of the Yellow Jacket football teams, finally surrendered to a campaign led by the Women's Chamber of Commerce of Atlanta. Beginning next fall, announced the regents, Georgia Tech will take in coeds. Moaned Regent Edgar Dunlap: "Here is where the women get their noses under the tent."

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ART



SANTO'S "SUGARING"
Instead of a ticket, a prize.

House-Painter Painter

Vermont House Painter Patsy (for Pasquale) Santo exhibited his first canvas in 1938 in hopes of getting a free ticket to the Rutland State Fair. He did not get the ticket, but his landscape, painted in oils from the local drugstore, won the art competition at the fair. Patsy bought himself some more paints and brushes and has been painting ever since.

Last week seven of Santo's oils were hanging in a Manhattan show of "Contemporary American Natural Painters." His pictures of Vermont hills and quiet snowy village streets are accurate in perspective and detail, subdued in color. But for all his near-professional realism, Santo

still retains his fondness for simple storytelling subjects, e.g., *Sunday Morning*, a woman and child walking up a snowy street toward a white steeped church, or *Sugaring*, a farmer and his sledge in late-winter maple woods. "Maybe I do it a little different than other people," says Santo. "When I do a landscape, I start with the sky and the mountains and I leave the foreground for the last. I like to get the far objects into it just as much as the near." The results are often closer to the slick naturalism of Luigi Lucioni than to the guileless sincerity of primitives like Grandma Moses.

Since Vermont's house-painting season is a short one, Santo finds plenty of time for his art. "All summer I paint houses to earn a living. All winter I hibernate and paint pictures to please myself. If I sell more pictures, I paint less houses." Santo manages to finish 12 to 15 canvases a year, and has sold paintings to half a dozen museums, including Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney.

Last week, with Vermont's snows just beginning to shrink, Santo was busy in his backyard studio finishing a picture of Bennington's Baptist Church. In another month, he will exchange his canvases and palette for buckets and ladder. His big ambition is to sell enough pictures to be able to give up house painting for good.

After Two Wars

Otto Dix is a German painter. He likes to growl, "I'm not so tender." And in pre-Hitler Germany he showed what he meant: cynical portraits of German prostitutes and socialites, gruesome oils and etchings of World War I. The Nazis didn't like the Dix kind of thing at all; they considered his powerful paintings deliberately calculated to spread despondency and



DIX'S "SILVIA VON HARDEN" (1926)
Others were destroyed.

DPA

alarm. They labeled him an "artistic degenerate," kicked him out of his art professorship at the University of Dresden, and destroyed all the Dix pictures they could lay hands on. Dix retreated to a German village on the shores of Lake Constance and kept on painting.

Last week in Munich, Painter Dix's stubbornness was rewarded by a big retrospective show in honor of his 60th birthday. While the Nazis and World War II had not stopped his painting, they had radically changed its style. Under "permanent observation" by the Nazis, Dix dropped his brutal social criticism and took to noncommittal expressionist landscapes filled with bright colors and bold patterns. He found life on Lake Constance "idyllic, probably too idyllic."

The idyl was interrupted for a while in 1944. At 53, ex-Soldier Dix was drafted into the Volkssturm for the last-ditch defense of the Reich. But his World War II service was brief and painless. "I was with my squad of ten other men near a little town on the Rhine. We were posted in a field. It was a warm spring afternoon. We all lay down in the grass and went to sleep. The next thing we knew, there were some French African troops standing over us with machine guns in their hands. We just did what they told us."

At the French P.W. camp, Dix was told to paint an altarpiece for the camp chapel. The camp commander liked the painting so well that he appropriated it for his private collection, and told the prisoner to paint another for the chapel. Dix became seriously interested in religious art. After he was released, he refused a Russian offer of his old professorship at Dresden and returned to Lake Constance.

In last week's show, critics found his new religious paintings the most impressive. And Dix agrees. Now he confesses: "Even as a young artist I had a longing to paint religious motives, not because I am a religious man but because the motives are so universal. With a Madonna, everybody understands what you're saying."



DIX'S "THE GREAT CRUCIFICATION" (1949)
Others have a Madonna.

TIME, APRIL 21, 1952



WHERE VIOLENCE REIGNED

Shortly before his death in 1949, José Clemente Orozco built this spacious Guadalajara studio, four stories high, light as day and big enough to ride a bike in. Last year his widow sold the studio to the Mexican government, with Orozco's last, unfinished canvas still on the easel, and his paints spread out on his table. The studio, hung with a representative sampling of Orozco's work, is now one of Mexico's most important museums.

A shy, shabby little man, Orozco had only one hand, a mouth like a trap and thick gleaming eyeglasses. He strongly resembled an owl, and with people he was passive and retiring, as owls are by day. But in his work Orozco had all the swooping ferocity that possesses owls by night; he was the harshest of Mexico's famed painting triumvirate, and quite possibly the most violent painter who ever lived.

The other members of the triumvirate were David Alfaro

Siqueiros, a Stalinist whose propaganda pictures are big, bright and obvious as fire engines, and portly Diego Rivera. By far the most skillful and sophisticated of the three, Rivera has alternately hammered up and watered down his essentially lyrical talent, followed a far left political footpath so devious that not even the Communists will have him.

Orozco, once a Communist himself, became violently anti-Red in later years. He claimed to be for "absolute freedom of thought," and against almost everything else. Characteristically, he decorated the library of Dartmouth College with a mural showing a skeleton being delivered of a fetus in a mortarboard, and painted Justice toppling with her scales in Mexico City's Supreme Court. He disliked talk of art. "If I can teach young painters anything," he would say, glancing about his studio, "then it is there on the walls. Let them come and look."

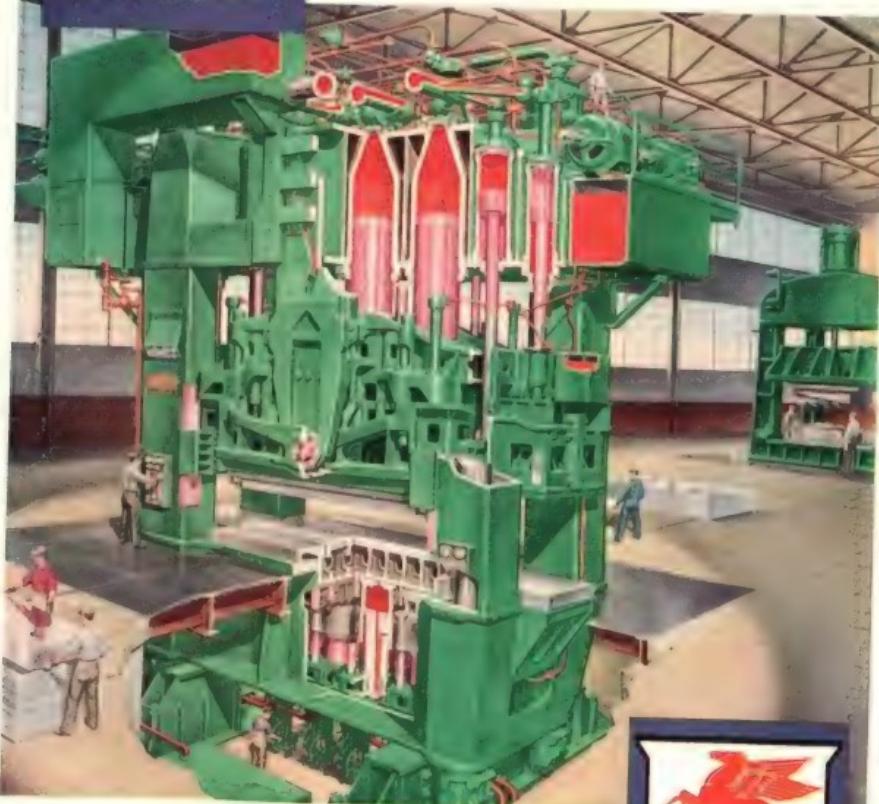
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SCIENCE

AEC Plant No. 5

The fifth great production plant of the Atomic Energy Commission will be built somewhere in the Ohio River Valley. AEC General Manager Marion Willard Boyer announced last week that the Ohio Valley was selected because it has a good water supply and because power can be generated cheaply with coal mined near by. When completed in about four years, the plant will need 1,800,000 kw.—enough for a city of 2,500,000 inhabitants. Boyer reassured the prospective neighbors: the plant will be no more dangerous, he said, than any other large industry.

The Ohio Valley plant (cost: \$1 billion) will separate explosive U-235 from natural uranium by the gaseous-diffusion process which is used at Oak Ridge and will also be used at the plant now being built near Paducah, Ky. The other AEC production plants at Hanford, Wash., and on the Savannah River are entirely different: they are reactors that make plutonium (and may make tritium for hydrogen bombs) through nuclear reactions caused by free neutrons given off by fissioning uranium. The fact that the AEC is building both kinds of plants suggests that:

1) Plutonium and U-235 have individual virtues. No information on this point has been released, but it is likely that the two fissionable materials may be used separately or together, in different atomic weapons. Some combination of both may promise to be the most effective "detonator" for hydrogen bombs.

2) The gaseous-diffusion plants, such as the new one in the Ohio Valley, may be used to make "enriched" uranium. Natural uranium contains only .7% of the fissionable isotope U-235. When it is used as fuel in a nuclear reactor it behaves rather sluggishly; the reactor, whether intended for plutonium production or as a source of energy, must be made very large. But uranium that has been enriched by removal of part of its non-fissionable U-238 is a livelier substance; it will work in smaller reactors, which will yield more energy and plutonium for their size.

3) Natural uranium from the mines must have become fairly plentiful. It is certain that the five production plants will call for many times as much uranium as was available when the AEC was formed, five years ago.

From the Lower Depths

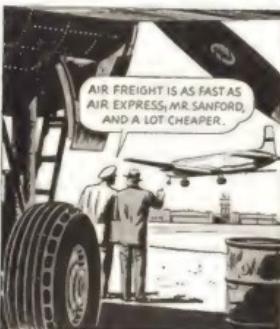
After World War II, the people of Denmark, cooped up by the Nazi occupation for four years, felt an urge to explore the world, even if only vicariously. A Danish Expedition Fund was set up, but it had no funds. Then Oceanographer Anton F. Bruun had a bright idea. He persuaded the government to waive import taxes on scarce luxury goods sent to the Expedition Fund by overseas Danes. A hint to overseas Danes was enough. Back came a flood of canned pineapple, coconuts, cigarettes, honey, The gifts sold for \$1

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CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.

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Write for illustrated folder No. 2

and paid for equipping the *Galathaea*, an oceanographic research ship.

Last week the *Galathaea*, bossed by Bruun, put into San Francisco after 18 months at sea. Her scientists had explored the least known places still left on earth: the "depths" in the bottoms of the oceans.

Other expeditions had sounded the deeps and found that the deepest one, the Philippine Trench off the east coast of Mindanao, lies more than six miles beneath the surface of the sea. But no one had brought up samples from the depths. Many scientists thought that their dark, cold water could support no life.

Blind Seafood. The *Galathaea* dragged the deepest deeps, using a tapering, one-piece steel cable 36,000 feet long. Up from the depths came mussels, worms, sea cucumbers and crustaceans. All were small, blind, and dead when they reached



Fred Lipp

OCEANOGRAPHER BRUUN
Some day, perhaps, a monster.

the surface, but they were proof that life can colonize even the hostile deeps.

Not all finds from the depths were dead when they reached the *Galathaea*. In charge of Dr. Claude E. Zobell of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, Calif., were strong steel cylinders specially designed to take samples of bottom ooze and bring them to the surface without change of pressure. Up to the *Galathaea* in these pressurized elevators came bottom-living bacteria, which Dr. Zobell plans to culture and study in special, pressurized test tubes.

Deep Life-Chain. What supports life six miles below the sunlight? Dr. Bruun thinks he has at least a preliminary answer. Down from the surface water, he says, drops a nourishing rain of dead and dying creatures that grew in the life-giving sunlight. They are eaten over & over by hungry, blind creatures below. But always something remains: excrement of excrement and tough organic matter that only bacteria would appreciate.

When this worked-over refuse finally settles on the bottom, the humble bacteria accept it gladly, and a new chain of life begins. The bacteria are eaten by larger creatures, and these by still larger ones. The mollusks and worms are preyed on by small, fierce crustaceans, the lions and tigers of the bottom depths.

The *Galathea* took, in all, about 16,000 specimens ranging from bottom ooze to a young sea elephant, captured on Campbell Island near New Zealand. This specimen has been named Sir Anton after Dr. Bruun. He eats ten pounds of fish a day, lives in the officers' bathroom, and has just recovered from bronchitis.

One much-desired specimen eluded the *Galathea*. In 1930, while on the research ship *Dana*, Dr. Bruun caught a larval eel six feet long, which is now at a Copenhagen museum. The larvae of ordinary eels are fragile, transparent things three to four inches long, but when they grow up they reach four feet. Dr. Bruun's larva by analogy should grow up into a monster more than 100 feet long.

For 22 years Dr. Bruun, like Captain Ahab pursuing Moby Dick, has been on the trail of such a monster eel. He thinks that the *Galathea* did not search in the right places. The deeps are too poor in food to support large creatures. On some future expedition he hopes to comb the more promising waters of the continental slopes, and perhaps latch on to a grown-up eel as big as the legendary sea serpent.

Victory Over the Desert

The world's deftest job of land reclamation was going great guns this week in southern Australia. Every fortnight, the Australian Mutual Provident (life insurance) Society plans to turn out a new, 1,000-acre farm. The land it uses is part of the "Ninety-Mile Desert" southeast of Adelaide, covered until recently only with sparse, unhealthy scrub.

The Ninety-Mile Desert was a painful puzzle to Australia's early settlers. Its rainfall was 20 inches a year, which is good enough for dry Australia, and plenty for many crops. But somehow, nothing desirable grew there. Even sheep did not thrive: they got strange diseases, and their wool turned to coarse hair.

Just before World War II, scientists found that the sheep disease was caused by lack of cobalt in the soil. When minute amounts of a cobalt compound were added to the sheep's salt, the mysterious disease disappeared.

But dosing the sheep with chemicals did not help the vegetation of the desert. So the scientists went to work again. Recently they found that lack of zinc in the soil was what sickened the plants. Some crops needed copper too. So the scientists added small amounts of the two elements to seed plots, which resulted at once with good crops of oats, clover and alfalfa.

Now much of the Ninety-Mile Desert is turning to excellent cropland and pasture. It looks as if 4,000,000 acres can be added in this easy way to Australia's productive area, and the scientists are looking around for other apparent deserts.



What's wrong with this picture?

Obviously this gentleman is more interested in bookmaking than bookkeeping. A situation which often leads to trouble.

Not so apparent may be the habits of those who might be tempted to "borrow" from you.

Most employees are honest and remain so, but it is sound business practice to bond *all* employees with a Blanket Fidelity Bond. The America Fore insurance agent can provide you with one that will just meet the needs of your business.



**For the name of a nearby America Fore
insurance man or claims office, call Western
Union by number, ask for Operator 25.**

The America Fore Insurance Group comprises the
**CONTINENTAL • FIDELITY-PHENIX • NIAGARA
AMERICAN EAGLE • FIDELITY and CASUALTY**
INSURANCE COMPANIES OF NEW YORK

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR POLICIES



The Metals with a new point of view



A fabulous finger of metal, more than a quarter of a mile high, towers into the sky above the streets of New York City.

It is the tallest man-made structure on earth—nearly three times as high as the Washington Monument. The beacon light on its tip is sometimes hidden in the clouds. And the copper ribs along its spine have literally pushed back the earth's horizons.

This is the new Empire State multiple television antenna. From its dizzying height all five of New York's major networks broadcast their signals simultaneously . . . twice as far as they ever did before. In the first year of its operations, it has brought millions of people in remote rural areas their first view of television.

Here is a triumph of modern metals at work . . . each metal carefully hand-picked to perform the job it does best. Copper for antennas, coaxial cables, hundreds of miles of hair-fine wire. Manganese and vanadium to harden and strengthen the structural steel. Silver, selenium, brass and zinc are vital metals in the instrument panels to keep the complex system under split-second control.

In keeping with the development of such advancements in engineering is Anaconda's far-reaching program of pioneering and progress in metals . . . devising new techniques in mining and metallurgy . . . developing new ways to produce better products.

In the laboratories, the mines and the mills of Anaconda, this program of research and expansion is continually going forward. . . .

So that progress in metals will keep abreast with progress in science and industry. . . .

So that men of foresight and good will may push back the horizons of all the world to a new and enlightened tomorrow.

This photograph was taken with a 180° lens and shows the horizons of New York City from the tip of the Empire State Building antenna tower. At the top is the East River. To the left is the home of the United Nations. At extreme left is the sky-line of Connecticut and up-state New York. To the extreme right lie the skyscrapers of Wall Street and beyond them New York Harbor. The Hudson River is at the bottom. The shadow pointing to 10 o'clock is that of the Empire State Building itself. The object at the bottom is the navigation warning-light on the tip of the tower. The photographer's shoulder becomes recognizable by turning the picture counter-clockwise.



THE TELEVISION PROGRAMS are carried from the transmitters at the base of the tower to the various antennas through a complex system of copper coaxial lines. Thousands of feet of Anaconda high-conductivity copper tube, made to exacting mechanical and electrical specifications, were supplied by The American Brass Company, an Anaconda manufacturing subsidiary.



ENGINEERS CHECK THE QUALITY of picture and sound transmission on the screens and instruments in this WNNT Control Room. Electrical cables made by Anaconda Wire & Cable Company bring the electric power which TV stations need to put their programs on the air. At home Anaconda improved television lead-in lines help you enjoy clear reception on your TV set.



BECAUSE OF DEVELOPMENTS like the Empire State multiple antenna, millions more Americans are now enjoying television. Today, defense has first call on all metals. But Anaconda is producing more metals . . . improving methods of mining and manufacturing . . . to meet the demands of science and industry.

ANACONDA

Advancing the Frontiers
of Metals

PRODUCERS OF: Copper, zinc, lead, silver, gold, platinum, cadmium, vanadium, selenium, copperphosphate, manganese ore, ferromanganese.

MANUFACTURERS OF: Electrical wires and cables, copper, brass, bronze and other copper alloys in such forms as sheet, plate, tube, pipe, rod, wire, forgings, stampings, extrusions, flexible metal hose and tubing.



2-ton shown with 15-foot van body—1½-ton also available

KEEP ROLLING AT LOW COST WITH A STUDEBAKER TRUCK

It's the gas-saving design of a Studebaker truck that makes it a stand-out money-saver. A Studebaker truck's rugged structure is free from burdensome excess weight. Stop in at a dealer's showroom. Examine a Studebaker truck closely. You can see why it saves.



On the job day-in, day-out! You invest in performance you can trust when you buy a sturdy Studebaker truck. Every model is built with wear-resisting soundness by America's most painstaking truck craftsmen.



Driving is a pleasure in a Studebaker truck. Big visibility windshield and windows. Adjustable seat with Adjusto-Air cushion. Floor ventilators and window wings. Steering post gearshift on light-duty models.



Cab stops enclosed for safety! Low floor. Doors have automatic "hold-open" stops—close securely on tight-grip rotary latches. Lift the hood accessibility to the ignition, engine and instrument panel wiring.



There's a size just right for hundreds of hauling requirements— $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$ and 1 ton pick-ups and stakes—rugged 1½ and 2 ton models. Studebaker Econ-o-miser or Power Plus engine.

©1962, Studebaker, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

GOVERNMENT

The Squeeze

The legal uproar over the steel seizure (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*) has practically obscured the basic question: Can steel afford to pay WSB's wage increase?

The plain fact is that, after all the long months of WSB hearings, the decision to recommend a wage boost of 26.1¢ an hour over the next 18 months (including fringe benefits) was made, not on solid earnings figures, but on estimates and guesses.

WSB's Case. WSB and Harry Truman flatly declared that the steel companies could easily pay because the steel industry is earning a record \$19.50 per ton, or a total of \$2.5 billion a year. The Government claims that the wage boost, plus indirect costs resulting from it, would come to only \$4.62 a ton. That, they said, would be compensated for by a steel price increase of some \$2.80 a ton, which OPS was willing to grant. The steel industry's profits after taxes, said the Government, would be cut only \$43 million—to \$582 million—18% more than they made in the prosperous 1947-49 period. To Harry Truman and WSB, that seems adequate.

Steel's Case. The steel companies, as usual, badly fumbled their case before the public. Nevertheless, they did have one.

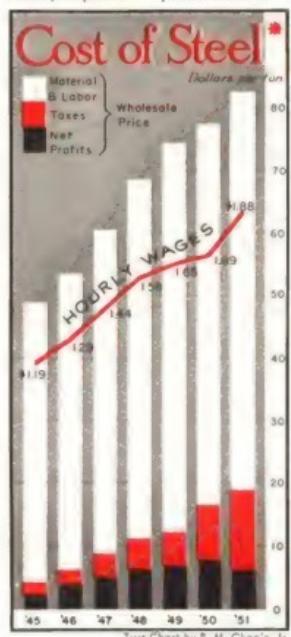
Their biggest point was that the figures cited by Harry Truman were earnings before taxes. Such figures mean little, considering the soaring tax rates of recent years, in which the tax on a ton of steel has jumped from \$1.60 to \$12.14 (see chart). Instead of \$2.5 billion before taxes in 1951, the steel companies' profit was actually some \$600 million less. After taxes, steel profits amounted to \$670 million, about \$6 a ton.

The steel companies said that the direct costs of the WSB wage boost would cost them \$500 million, and indirect costs would double the figure. Their requested price increase: \$12 a ton. With only a \$2.80 increase, their net would be chopped to \$495 million, or about 25% below the 1951 figure. In that case, said the companies, they would be unable to keep dividends at the present rate, or continue paying the high costs of expansion.

Middle Ground. Although the truth seemed to lie somewhere between the Government and industry figures, industry profits would be squeezed. If steel paid the WSB wage increase, and got a price boost of some \$2.80, its net would probably decline to at least \$520 million, or about 20% below 1951. It would also be well below the 1947-51 average, despite the fact that steel-industry capacity has increased 20% since 1947. In short, as far as the steelmakers are concerned, all the benefits of the \$3 billion invested in increased capacity would be lost. And if the demand for steel eases, as many think it will this year, the squeeze on profits could well drop them to the steelmakers' own pessimistic figures—or below.

Unstabilized

For many a businessman, the steel dispute brought into focus the sad record of WSB to date. It is composed of 18 men: six representing labor, six industry, and six "the public." The six "public" members, who hold the balance of power, are mostly professional arbiters and theoretically impartial. In practice, their ma-



jer decisions have been almost all labor:

¶ For Wright Aeronautical's workers, WSB (over the industry members' protests) approved a 12¢ hourly boost, even while admitting that its own cost-of-living rules would allow only 9¢.

¶ For meat-packing workers, WSB approved a 9¢ increase to avoid a strike, even though 3¢ was the permissible limit.

¶ For maritime workers, WSB made an attempt at stabilization by approving only 6¢ raise, v. the 8% agreed to by labor and management. But then WSB changed overtime regulations so that pay was actually boosted an average of 10%.

* Data from *Iron Age* and BLS. Wholesale price is composite price of all types of finished steel; net profits and taxes include some profits and taxes on cement companies, railroads, coal mines, etc., owned by steel companies.

The net result of such decisions is that, instead of stabilizing wages, WSB has helped them go up more than its own rules permit, at least in big cases where political pressures are brought to bear. With the coal miners, brass workers, oilmen, rubber workers and others, all waiting in the wings for their new contracts, it looked last week as if the steel decision would be the most destabilizing of all.

AUTOS

Ford Pays Off

"It'll be a grand fight," predicted Irish Inventor Harry Ferguson four years ago, when he slapped a \$251 million antitrust and patent infringement suit against Ford Motor Co., its subsidiary, Dearborn Motors Corp., Henry Ford II and other Ford officials. Ferguson was right; his suit turned out to be the biggest legal battle in the auto industry since 1911, when old Henry Ford himself successfully broke the famed Selden patent.*

End of a Partnership. The fight started when Henry Ford II canceled an oral agreement which his grandfather had made in 1930 to manufacture a tractor for Ferguson according to Ferguson's specifications. Old Henry had been intrigued by the tractor's ingenious hydraulic lift and new method of linking other farm implements to it. Young Henry was appalled at the manufacturing costs. During the seven years of the agreement, the Ford company made 303,501 tractors which Ferguson sold along with farm implements made by others for \$3.13 million, netting Ferguson \$4.3 million in 1946 alone. But the Ford company itself, said young Henry, had lost \$25 million on the deal. He decided to set up his own company, Dearborn Motors Corp., to market his own tractors. Ferguson's aides took one look at the new Ford tractor with its hydraulic lift, and fled suit.

Ferguson's immediate problem was to stay in business. He had no plant, but he hastily built one near Detroit, and for the first time began producing his own machines in the U.S. He ran the works, by remote control, from his enormous English stone mansion near Stow on the Wold, Gloucester. In 1949, young Henry called on him to try to settle their differences. Ferguson set such stiff terms that Ford gave up. Finally, in Manhattan's federal court last year, the trial began.

Legal Labyrinth. In the year since then, 10,000 pages of testimony were taken, and the defense had not yet had its turn to be heard. Ford had already spent more

* Issued in 1895 to George B. Selden, a lawyer and inventor, the patent was so broad it apparently covered every gasoline-driven car, even though Selden himself never built one. Virtually every U.S. automaker paid 1/4% of its sales in royalties to the owner, until Ford, in 1908, sent word: "Selden can take his patent and go to hell." After eight years of court fights, Ford proved the patents invalid.

Harmon Elliott Talking

When I went to work for the Elliott Company in 1907, all Elliott Address Cards had a metal frame with a manila paper center, and our competitors advertised that their address plates were 100% metal, and that they sold 87 out of every 100 addressing machines sold.

Certainly in those days metal address plates seemed to be the proper thing.

But in July, 1909, my father-in-law loaned me \$30,000 to buy out my father's partner, and a few weeks later I shocked my father by saying,

"The frame of the Elliott Address Card is all wrong because instead of being made of metal, it should be made of flexible fiber that could be colored and printed and written upon for index records."

"And the center of our Address Card is all wrong because it should be made of Japanese paper that could be stenciled with a regular typewriter."

Today with that kind of an address card Elliott offers addressing machine users the world's only alternative to metal address plates.

Many thousands of addressing machine owners have switched to these non-metallic typewriter stenciled address record cards.

If you are still using metal address plates, you will be very much interested in a booklet I have just written entitled *Stencil Addressing from 1852 to 1952*.

May I send you this booklet?

H.B. Elliott

147-H Albany Street
Cambridge 39, Mass.

than \$3,000,000 in trial expenses: Ferguson Inc. had spent as much, and it looked as if the expensive legal fight would go on for years.

But Ferguson, who had based part of his case on the charge that Ford was monopolizing the tractor business, could not prove it. His own sales in 1937 reached \$64.5 million (*v.* their \$79.4 million peak while Ford was making the tractor), and his company netted \$406,956. The anti-trust part of the suit was dismissed by the court.

Last week Ford and Ferguson made a deal and settled the case out of court. The cost to Ford: \$9,250,000, the biggest patent settlement ever paid in a U.S. suit. In the settlement, Ford conceded that it had infringed Ferguson's patents by copying the hydraulic valve, coupling system, and the power-take-off setup, agreed to make restitution to Ferguson on the basis of about \$21 for each of the 441,000 tractors Dearborn Motors has made since mid-1937 (Ferguson had asked \$100). Ford also agreed to alter the designs of its own tractors enough to remove any further infringement. In England, Harry Ferguson estimated that his company will be able to keep \$5.6 million of the payment, after taxes.

PROFITS No. 1 Corporation

General Motors, the world's biggest manufacturing corporation, has grown accustomed to earning the world's biggest profits as well. Last week Standard Oil (N.J.) made G.M. take a back seat. Jersey Standard's 1937 profits set a new record of \$528,500,000 after taxes, up 29%. This, for the first time in six years, put it ahead of G.M., whose 1937 profits, hit by material cutbacks and excess-profits taxes, totaled \$506,100,000, *v.* \$834 million the year before.

AMUSEMENTS

How to Have a Flutter

Lilian Guest, 50-year-old charwoman in Godalming, Surrey, for years has performed a weekly ritual. Every Thursday she laboriously fills out long and complicated forms with her choices of winners in Britain's football (*i.e.*, soccer) matches. Then she mails them off with a postal order for a few shillings to cover her previous week's bet. Last week Lilian's patient efforts were rewarded. She got word that she had won \$210,000. "And to think," said Mrs. Guest, "that I was out charring only this morning." To Lilian Guest, the money was no more than proper pay for an expert: twice before she had won more than \$500 by a special system of picking the teams. But in Bournemouth next day, a nonexpert got equally good results by "just picking them at random." On a bet of \$1.50, ex-Teacher Ernest Albert Lumsden, 71, also won \$210,000.

Charwoman Guest and ex-Teacher Lumsden are only two of the 10 million Britons (one in every three adults) who send off their pennies and sixpences each



Associated Press

FERGUSON & FORD (1939)
For a lift and a line, \$9,250,000.

week to "have a flutter" on some 100 football pools. The average weekly bet is low (about 50¢), the chances of winning about one in 30.* The payoffs run from a half crown to the maximum of £75,000. But because of the get-rich-quick lure and the fascination of working out "the perfect system," playing the pools has become a national gamble that keeps families all over Britain busy for hours each week. It has also become big business, the

* Britons have a choice of more than 50 types of pool. Simplest: picking games for win, lose or draw. One of the most complicated (and biggest payer): picking eight draws out of some 50 games, then multiplying the chances of winning by "permutation," *i.e.*, a method of grouping alternative forecasts.



Associated Press

CECIL MOORES,
Better than hisbettors.

seventh largest in Britain. The football pools now gross \$150 million a year, account for 10% of the nation's mail, 60% of its money orders, and are largely responsible for the post office being one of the few government agencies to operate in the black.

The Two-Percenters. Biggest of the pools is Littlewoods, organized in 1922 by brothers John and Cecil Moores. They started with a single printing press to turn out coupons, and three employees to check returns. Today Littlewoods does more than 50% of all Britain's pool business, employs 12,000 people (mostly girls) to check the 5,000,000 coupons it mails and receives every week. In one of its six huge Liverpool plants, four-color printing presses stretch out for a quarter of a mile.

To nobody's great surprise, John, 54, and Cecil Moores, 50, have fared better than bettors on their pools. The reason is simple: they take a flat 2.1% out of every pot (or some \$1.6 million a year) to pay themselves and cover costs of plant and equipment. Of the rest, 30% goes to the government in taxes, 15.7% for operating expenses and 52.1% in "dividends," i.e., payoffs. The Moores brothers, said to be worth \$36 million now, have long since expanded into other fields. They own a chain of 43 stores, patterned after Woolworth's, a big mail-order house and sit as directors on at least 22 companies. A few years ago, John Moores bought Bermuda's Elbow Beach Surf Club for a reported \$80,000.

Special Delivery. Britons play the pools so eagerly because they offer one of the few real—if remote—opportunities to get rich in Britain's high-tax, austere economy. Even the biggest payoffs are tax-free, since the government takes its 30% out of the pot.

Littlewoods tries to protect its "investors." Anyone who wins more than \$5,000 has his check delivered in person by a Littlewoods agent, gets free advice on how to hold on to his winnings. "Remember," cautions Littlewoods' pamphlet *Safe Investment*, "there are many sharks and sharpers . . ."

RAILROADS

The Pride of Peoria

In the 103 years since its founding, Illinois' tiny (239 miles) Toledo, Peoria & Western has made lots of news, most of it bad. Long known by such names as the "Tired, Poor & Weary," the T.P. & W. was twice thrown into receivership, three times sold at auction, and has to its debit one of the nation's worst railroad disasters (81 killed). After World War II, a long and bitter strike resulted in the shotgun killing of two strikers (TIME, Feb. 18, 1946). In 1947, T.P. & W.'s anti-union President George McNear Jr. was himself killed by a shotgun blast in a still unsolved murder.

But last week T.P. & W.'s President John Russel Coulter, 52, who took over soon after McNear's death, reported some good news—about the best in the little railroad's unhappy career. From a \$3,600-

Isn't it time **YOUR** business enjoyed these savings, too?

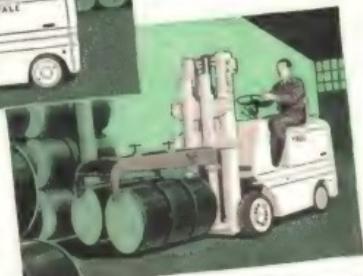
Savings to stevedore operations — With fast, high, safe lifting



Savings to the paper industry — Moving bulky paper rolls



Savings to the chemical industry — Safely handling drums and carboys



Exclusive YALE Gas Truck Features Cut Materials Handling Costs . . . and Maintenance Costs, too

• Time lost in bringing YALE Gas Truck Savings to your business is *money* lost. For YALE Gas Trucks can cut up to 75% off your materials handling costs . . . save even more in reduced maintenance costs and production stoppages.

Find out now how YALE Gas Trucks' exclusive features reduce your bills for breakdown and wear in transmission, drive, steering assembly—every working part of the truck. Call your YALE Representative—or mail the coupon below.

YALE & TOWNE

YALE is a registered trade mark of
The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.

How can YALE Industrial Gas Trucks do more—save more—for me?

Please have your local representative call

Please send free detailed literature

Company _____

Name _____

Title _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

In Canada write: The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE ELECTRIC INDUSTRIAL TRUCKS • YALE WORKSAVERS • YALE HAND TRUCKS • YALE HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS

This announcement is neither an offer nor a solicitation to sell, or an offering of these bonds for sale or as a solicitation or acceptance to buy any of these bonds, and is published in any state in behalf of or only with the consent of the underwriters. The offer of these bonds is made only by means of the Official Statement.

Interest on these bonds, in the opinion of counsel, is exempt from all Federal Income Taxes under present laws.

NEW 1881P

\$96,000,000

State of West Virginia 3 1/4% Turnpike Revenue Bonds (Series A) Payable solely from the revenues of the Turnpike System

Dated: March 1, 1952

Principal and interest (June 1 and December 1), payable at The Charleston National Bank, or at The Kanawha Valley Bank, both in Charleston, West Virginia, or at the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, New York, at the option of the holder. Coupon book in \$1,000 denominations, registrable as to principal and interest.

The bonds may be redeemed in whole or in part not earlier than December 1, 1957, at the option of the West Virginia Turnpike Commission, from any moneys that may be made available for such purpose. They may also be redeemed in part, on 30 days' published notice, on any interest payment date not earlier than December 1, 1955, from moneys in the West Virginia Turnpike System Interest and Sinking Fund. The bonds are secured by a Trust Agreement between the West Virginia Turnpike Commission and Guaranty Trust Company of New York, as Trustee.

Due: December 1, 1980

Principal and interest (June 1 and December 1), payable at The Charleston National Bank, or at The Kanawha Valley Bank, both in Charleston, West Virginia, or at the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, New York, at the option of the holder. Coupon book in \$1,000 denominations, registrable as to principal and interest.

The bonds may be redeemed in whole or in part not earlier than December 1, 1957, at the option of the West Virginia Turnpike Commission, from any moneys that may be made available for such purpose. They may also be redeemed in part, on 30 days' published notice, on any interest payment date not earlier than December 1, 1955, from moneys in the West Virginia Turnpike System Interest and Sinking Fund. The bonds are secured by a Trust Agreement between the West Virginia Turnpike Commission and Guaranty Trust Company of New York, as Trustee.

Price 99% To Yield 3.80%
(plus accrued interest)

These bonds are offered for delivery when, as and if issued and delivered to us, and subject to the usual legal stipulations of Mailed and Presented for Acceptance of the State of West Virginia, Weller & Company, New York, and to the terms of the Trust Agreement with the Commission. The Official Statement may be obtained in any State in which this announcement is circulated from only such of the underwriters, indicating the underwriters, and other dealers as may legally offer these bonds in such State.

Bear, Stearns & Co.

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of any offer to buy securities. The offering is made only by the Prospectus.

NOT A NEW ISSUE

300,000 Shares

Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company Common Stock (Without Par Value)

Price \$41.875 Per Share

A copy of the Prospectus may be obtained within any State from such of the Underwriters as may regularly distribute the Prospectus within such State.

Goldman, Sachs & Co. Kidder, Peabody & Co. Piper, Jaffray & Hopwood

Kalman & Company, Inc. The First Boston Corporation

Blyth & Co., Inc. Eastman, Dillon & Co. Harriman Ripley & Co.

Incorporated

Lehman Brothers Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane Smith, Barney & Co.

Stone & Webster Securities Corporation Union Securities Corporation

White, Weld & Co. Clark, Dodge & Co. McCormick & Co.

April 8, 1952

00 deficit four years ago, he had pulled T.P. & W.'s net up to \$742,000 in 1951, paid out \$835,000 in dividends and more than \$2,000,000 in income, inheritance and other taxes. At the news, the McNear estate executors decided that their job was done. They voted to turn over the railroad to estate trustees, and ask the ICC for permission to split T.P. & W.'s 50 shares of stock outstanding, now 82% owned by the McNear estate, 1,600 for one.

When Russ Coulter became president, the T.P. & W. "not only had grass over the rails but, thanks to the spring floods, water as well." Headquarters was a rented office in Peoria's dingy Union Station; customers were practically nonexistent. Equipment was run down and morale was low. Russ Coulter, a Colby College graduate and a veteran railroader from the St. Louis-San Francisco ("Frisco") Railway Co., perked things up. Soon menmen were out on the tracks, voluntarily working at laborers' wages to put the roadbed in shape.

Coulter borrowed \$250,000 for new equipment, hustled business from such big shippers as Quaker Oats, U.S. Gypsum and Armour, reopened 20 freight offices across the country, and started informing shippers by postcard on every movement of their freight. He raised wages to standard rates, set up a management-labor suggestion committee, spruced up cabooses with new coats of paint, good toilet facilities, even outlets for electric razors.

The work force swelled to 600, and morale improved so much that the T.P. & W.'s employees were the only railroaders in Illinois who did not walk out on the "sickness" strike last year. Now entirely dieselized with 15 new locomotives, the T.P. & W. has one of the best transportation ratios (cost to gross revenue) in the U.S.; last year it was 22% v. a 36% national average. T.P. & W. also gets more freight mileage out of its diesels (11,000 miles apiece per month) than almost every other railroad. Once-scorful railroaders have a new description of the Tired, Poor & Weary: "Trim, Peppy & Wealthy."

SMALL BUSINESS No. 32164

When the Nazis invaded Poland, they took over Leon Jolson's prosperous sewing-machine business, tattooed No. 32164 on his left arm and threw him into a concentration camp. The end of the war found Jolson still alive, but the Russians were in Poland, and Jolson found them no better than the Nazis. He escaped to the U.S. zone in Germany, and in 1947 went to New York. He had \$6 in his pocket and spoke no English. But he knew all about sewing machines.

Working 16 hours a day in a small rented shop, he made a modest living repairing and selling secondhand machines. As his business increased, he borrowed \$2,000 from the United Service for New Americans and imported four sewing machines from Italy's Necchi (rhymes with Becky).



Sinclair reports a Record Year of Accomplishment

In 1951 Sinclair topped its previous records in earnings, sales and production, and completed the second year of its expansion program. Here are salient facts from our 1951 Annual Report:

EARNINGS \$6.78 per share—exceeded those of any previous year and were 16.7 per cent over 1950.

SALES of 135.4 million barrels of refined products were highest in the Company's history—16 per cent above 1950 volume.

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION August, 1951, marked the completion of the second year of the Company's Production Expansion Program with increases in production well ahead of schedule. During this two-year period daily average net domestic crude oil production increased approximately 26,000 barrels, or 33 per cent.

REFINING

domestic refineries processed 129,759,265 barrels of crude—17 per cent more than 1950 and approximately 36.4 per cent more than 1949.

PIPELINES

delivered 127,925,681 barrels of crude or an increase of 30 per cent and 38,881,812 barrels of refined products or 11 per cent more than last year.

IN ADDITION

a new pipeline from Oklahoma to East Chicago, Ind., was started . . . Volume transported by Company owned or chartered tankship was up 20 per cent . . . Almost 2,000 new dealer accounts were acquired . . . New refining facilities authorized at Houston will double the plant's capacity for defense products now in short supply.

STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED INCOME

	1951	1950
Gross Operating Income	\$808,982,202	\$678,877,156
Costs and Expenses	690,943,322	581,460,342
Operating Income	\$118,038,880	\$ 97,416,814
Other Income	7,193,076	7,057,194
Other Deductions	6,083,466	5,180,845
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Provision for Federal Income and Excess Profits Taxes	\$119,148,490	\$ 99,293,146
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Net Income	\$ 81,898,490	\$ 70,193,146



**SINCLAIR OIL
CORPORATION**

SINCLAIR OIL BUILDING

600 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

DO YOU HAVE A MOISTURE PROBLEM?



Here's a
NEW
Laminated
Material

Practically everybody concerned with protective packaging has moisture problems. Indeed, the control of moisture—its retention or exclusion—is the greatest single function of protective packaging today.

Rhinelander glasses laminated with special waxes have long been regarded as among the best moisture barriers known.

And now we are proud to announce the development of a new manufacturing technique by which we are producing laminations of extraordinary moisture tightness. Probably better than any you have seen.

We'd like to demonstrate with test-
ing samples. Why not write us today.

Rhinelander
PAPER COMPANY

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN

Sewing Machine Co., with which he had done business in Poland. The machines could make buttonholes, sew on buttons, embroider, etc. without any attachments, tricks most other machines could not do.

The Necchi caught on fast, though it costs from \$25 to \$60 more than a Singer. To get more capital, Jolson took in two partners and expanded his sales all over the U.S. By last week the company owned a twelve-story New York building, was advertising to the tune of a million dollars a year, and had 1,630 U.S. dealers and a



LEON JOLSON
A stitch in time.

subsidiary in Canada. By the end of this year it expects to sell more than \$10 million Necchi machines, gross \$10 million and have a firm grip on 10% of the sewing-machine market.

This week Leon Jolson had something more to celebrate: he became a U.S. citizen. In gratitude, he gave \$10,000 to Columbia University's Teachers College for fellowships for other refugees.

WALL STREET

Latest Laugh for Eaton

When Cleveland's sly old Cyrus Eaton pulled out of his firm's contract to underwrite Henry Kaiser's new \$10 million stock issue for Kaiser-Frazer Corp. in 1948, he tried to find a legal loophole to justify his action.

Eaton, who backed out because the market broke as he floated the issue, failed and a federal court last year awarded Kaiser-Frazer a \$3,120,743 judgment against Eaton's underwriting house, Otis & Co. Eaton shut down his business to elude Kaiser's collectors.

But last week, Eaton had the latest laugh. Manhattan's U.S. court of appeals ruled that Eaton's contract was, indeed, invalid. In its prospectus for the issue, said the court, Kaiser-Frazer stated its earnings in such a way as to represent



Employee Efficiency Pays Off!
Finance Co. Manager Praised
Frigidaire Air Conditioner

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—"The personal nature of our business demands top efficiency and courteousness from our employees," says George Denton, manager of Welfare Finance Corporation, 611 Virginia St. East. "And because our Frigidaire Air Conditioner keeps our office cool and comfortable, our employees' efficiency is always at top level, and they handle a greater volume of business. We use our unit in winter, without the compressor, to circulate clean, fresh air."

Thrush Refrigeration Co., Charleston, sold and installed the equipment.



FREE! See how you can
cut your costs—increase
your profits. Call your
Frigidaire Dealer today
for a free Refrigeration
Survey. Frigidaire analysis
of your refrigerating equip-
ment. Or write Frigidaire
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Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE—America's No. 1 Line of
Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Products



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royalty when I come to Baltimore. Guest
service is a fine art at the
LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL!"

Teletype: BA263

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Busy man and woman enjoy our mid-
Manhattan location overlooking
Central Park, West to Fifth Ave.
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Choice single rooms, private bath,
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Many with television.
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NY 1-3949, Write for booklet TM

BARBIZON-PLAZA
58th ST. AT 6th AVE., NEW YORK

TIME, APRIL 21, 1952

that it had made a profit of about \$4,000,000 in December 1947. "This representation was \$3,100,000 short of the truth." This failure to make full disclosure not only "violated the Securities Act of 1933" but was "breach of the contract," even though Otis & Co. had all the facts and had helped prepare the prospectus.

Eaton isn't out of the woods yet. He and the president of Otis & Co. are still under a \$3,252,329 judgment awarded Kaiser-Frazer by a state court in Wilmington, Del. in a similar suit, and Otis & Co. is still under a court-appointed trustee. But the Manhattan decision made Eaton so cocky that he predicted he would soon be back in business.

AVIATION

\$16 Million Fare Boost

"There is reason for deep concern," American Airlines' C. R. Smith advised the Civil Aeronautics Board. In less than a year, the company's operating cost per revenue ton-mile jumped 27%. Its net profit for 1952's first quarter was \$628,000, compared to last year's first-quarter net of \$2,915,000. All the other big lines told CAB the same story: all wanted to raise their fares. Last week CAB authorized a \$1 hike on all airline tickets, whether for a 50- or a 3,550-mile trip. Estimated cost to air travelers: \$16 million a year.

MILESTONES

Divorced. By Song & Dance Girl Judy (*Over the Rainbow*) Garland, 29; Movie Director Vincente Minnelli, 49; after nearly seven years of marriage, frequent separations, one daughter; in Los Angeles.

Died. Norman ("Corky") Hill, 28, youngest in a family who made a habit of flirting with death at Niagara Falls; of head injuries suffered when a small stone fell 350 ft. down a shaft in which he worked as a mucker; in Niagara Falls, Ontario, Hill's father, William ("Red") Hill Sr., went through the Niagara rapids three times in a homemade barrel, died in 1942 of a heart attack. Corky saved a brother, Major Hill, three years ago, when he tried to imitate his father (he eventually made it). Another brother, William ("Red") Hill Jr., died when his inner-tube contraption exploded in a trip over the falls.

Died. Colonel Charles R. Forbes, 74, Veterans' Bureau director under President Harding, who served one year, eight months and six days in Leavenworth for his part in swindling the government out of \$225 million; after long illness; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Mrs. Florence Adele Vanderbilt Twombly, 94, great lady of New York's old "go," philanthropist, and last surviving grandchild of railroading Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt; in Manhattan.



Strictly for Profit CHOOSE CLARK

Solely on the basis of *benefit to your business* take a thoughtful look at the Five Factors of Profit built into Clark machines:

- TIME PROFIT**—Materials move faster, in a synchronized flow. Man-hours for loading and unloading are reduced drastically.
- SPACE PROFIT**—Idle space becomes profitable storage capacity.
- TURN-OVER PROFIT**—Speeding up the production cycle improves the inventory picture, conserves working capital.
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Any way you look at it, your Clark investment gets you a solid, profitable "most for your money."



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INDUSTRIAL TRUCK DIVISION • CLARK EQUIPMENT COMPANY • Battle Creek 24, Michigan
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AUTHORIZED CLARK INDUSTRIAL TRUCK PARTS AND SERVICE STATIONS IN STRATEGIC LOCATIONS

CINEMA

New Records in 1951

for The Industrial Southeast

Because of the outstanding advantages it offers to business and agriculture, the great Industrial Southeast has become one of America's fastest-growing regions. In 1951, as in previous years, an increasing number of industries selected new plant locations in this strategically-located territory. Here they find the full benefits of a plentiful labor force, excellent transportation facilities and pleasant climatic conditions throughout the year.

Southern Natural Gas Company owns and operates a pipeline system which serves many sections of the Industrial Southeast and is constantly growing with the territory. As is indicated in its 1951 Annual Report, the Company last year increased its delivery capacity to 627 million cubic feet of gas per day; it is spending millions of dollars annually for new facilities which will further accelerate the growth of its service area.

CHRISTOPHER T. CHENERY,
Chairman of the Board

The Year in Brief

	(COMPANY ONLY)		(CONSOLIDATED)	
	1951	1950	1951	1950
Plant and Property (original cost) . . .	\$111,902,633	\$99,249,660	\$147,267,705	\$131,938,567
Gross Revenues . . .	36,147,111	27,792,066	46,733,502	37,517,706
Net Income . . .	6,910,901	5,338,314	7,422,585	5,948,827
Book Value per Share . . .	\$23.62	\$23.19	\$28.31	\$25.80
Net Income per Share . . .	\$ 4.04	\$ 3.43	\$ 4.34	\$ 3.82
Shares Outstanding . . .	1,711,005	1,355,459		
Cash Dividends Paid . . .	4,277,291	\$ 3,344,095		
Dividends Paid per Share . . .	\$ 2.50	\$ 2.15		

For a copy of the complete Annual Report, please address

SOUTHERN NATURAL GAS COMPANY

Watts Building, Birmingham, Alabama



HOWARD HUGHES
"The public is entitled to know . . ."

Man, because Communist suspects worked on them. But RKO Boss Hughes didn't seem to mind trouble.

A year ago Hughes fired a writer named Paul Jarrico, suspected of being a Communist, junked his work on *The Las Vegas Story* and got a new scenario. Jarrico demanded part screen credit or \$5,000, and the Screen Writers' Guild backed him. But Hughes filed suit against Jarrico, claiming that he had violated the morals clause of his contract by refusing to tell a congressional committee whether he was a Red. Jarrico countered with a \$350,000 damage suit. Hughes's "personal acts and conduct," he said, "are in constant violation of generally accepted public 'conventions' . . ."

Hughes issued an icy reply: "Mr. Jarrico, these are times of national emergency . . . I do not think the public should be forced to guess or conjecture as to whether a man is a Communist. I think the public is entitled to know . . ." When Jarrico remained adamant, Hughes publicly dared the guild to call a strike at RKO. The guild turned down the dare.

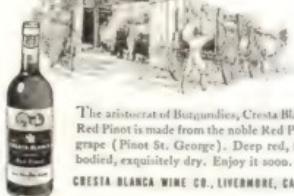
In the last three months Hughes has

From the cool
limestone caves of historic
Cresta Blanca Winery . . .

**CRESTA
BLANCA**

Wine of Sheer Delight

CALIFORNIA
RED PINOT



The aristocrat of Burgundies, Cresta Blanca Red Pinot is made from the noble Red Pinot grape (Pinot St. George). Deep red, full-bodied, exquisitely dry. Enjoy it soon.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.



Who helped raise the dough?

Read about the important part banks play
in putting bread on your table

Start with your grocer.

Chances are a bank loan helped equip his store—even built his bread shelves.

The wholesale baker?

Well, some of his business is done on credit and he frequently borrows from a bank to supply your grocer and a lot of other grocers.

But bank participation doesn't stop at the wholesale bakery.

With loans and a lot of other less tangible services, a whole string of banks help these people pass along

your loaf of bread: 1. Flour mills; 2. Grain merchants; 3. Grain elevators; 4. Railroads; 5. Trucking firms; 6. Wheat farmers.

Actually, no step in the making and distributing of bread is taken without some help from some bank.

And what's true about bread is just as true about almost every other article bought and sold in daily living.

Somewhere in the background there's always a bank.

Large or small, it has two traditional American characteristics:

It's competing actively with some other bank for somebody's business; it keeps an inquisitive nose to the grindstone looking for new and constructive ways to put money to work.

Chase National Bank is proud of the part it is playing in American progress.

The CHASE National Bank

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

(Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation)

Engineered WAYS TO BETTER BUSINESS



TECHNIPLAN

beats the **OFFICE**
Triple-threat
"Squeeze"

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- (2) OFFICE PERSONNEL SHORTAGES
- (3) RISING OPERATING COSTS!

Immediate and practical relief is offered by G/W Techniplan, the original modular office equipment.

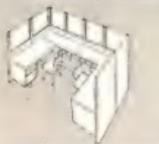
MORE WORK STATIONS in a given floor area—increased individual worker efficiency—fewer motions, faster work—these are the direct functional advantages of Techniplan equipment.

TECHNIPLAN allows you to "mold" your office to fit your needs, to provide expansion, or to meet changing needs. Standard interchangeable-interlocking units form any desired arrangement of work stations, provide any desired combination of work facilities—fitted to the individual job. Rearrange Techniplan at will—without special tools or skill.

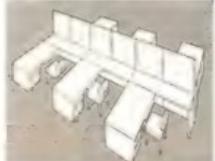
ALTHOUGH highly distinguished in appearance Techniplan is moderate in cost. Its simple, tasteful design, streamlined and modern, is expressed in warm, rich grains of natural walnut—displaying superb craftsmanship throughout.

GET THE FACTS — and Techniplan dealers' names; use the convenient check list request.

Techniplan and 4000 other ways to better business originate with Globe-Wernicke: are sold and serviced by dependable G/W dealers, listed in classified 'phone books under "Office Equipment."



Two L-units form compact private office with ample space for two workers, using standard partitions.



Standard partitions, all wood or wood and glass, provide privacy and sound barrier.

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Check above, attach
to your letterhead—
and MAIL — TODAY!



Engineering Specialists in
Office Equipment, Systems,
and Visible Records



Cincinnati 12, Ohio

torn up eleven new scripts and canceled four pictures ready for production because some of the people who worked on them were "too tall" (RKO studio code for Communist suspects). Last week he declared it was impossible to produce pictures under such conditions, sent 100 employees on "leave of absence," all but shut down the studio. There were mutters in Hollywood that Communism was not the only reason Hughes had acted. RKO production under Hughes has always been slow and costly; no pictures have been started in three months. The company now has a backlog of 24 unreleased films costing \$39.5 million. Was Hughes seizing on the Red issue to cover up RKO's ills?

Hughes flatly denied it, promised that RKO would get back to normal as soon as he sets up a system to weed out Reds. Says he: "I know I have made myself the No. 1 s.o.b. in the minds of a lot of people in Hollywood, but we will never get rid of Communist sympathizers in this business unless somebody admits their existence and faces the problem squarely."

Kazan Talks

Hollywood and Broadway have long suspected that brilliant Stage & Screen Director Elia Kazan (*Death of a Salesman*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*) had once been Communist, along with some other members of New York's now defunct pink-arty Group Theater. The professional martyr-makers were, as always, ready to cry persecution. But last January, in a secret session of the House Un-American Activities Committee, Kazan admitted that he had in fact been a party member for 18 months from 1934 to 1936. In that confession—no word of which reached the public—Kazan stubbornly refused to name any fellow party members. Last week Kazan volunteered to name several onetime party comrades: Playwright Clifford (*Waiting for Lefty*) Odets (who, Kazan testified, later quit the party), the late Actor J. Edward Bromberg, Actor Morris Carnovsky.

In 1934, Kazan said, he was a \$30-a-week stage manager and bit actor dreading "the depression and the ever-growing power of Hitler. The streets were full of unemployed and shaken men." The Communists claimed to have a cure. So Kazan joined up. But he found that the party represented totalitarian thought control. In 1936, Kazan quit.

Why did he wait till now to tell his story? Partly because of the "specious reasoning which has silenced many liberals," i.e., "You may hate the Communists, but you must not attack them or expose them, because if you do, you are attacking the right to hold unpopular opinions." Added Kazan: "I have thought soberly about this. It is, simply, a lie."

The New Pictures

Singin' in the Rain [M-G-M] reunites Dancing Star Gene Kelly and Producer Arthur Freed of the Academy Award-winning *An American in Paris* with a screenplay by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, who wrote Kelly's highly suc-



Photo by Herbert Sonnenfeld

To turn the great homecoming
into the great home making

United Jewish Appeal

must raise \$151,500,000 in 1952

Is this our dream for her?

THIS IS HER SECOND YEAR in an immigrant tent in Israel. Her playground is a floor of stones . . . her daily food not nearly enough for a growing child . . . her lullaby the lash of rain and wind on canvas.

Is this our dream for her?

And is a tent our special vision for all the desperate men and women we snatched from graveyard lands?

Remember how we pictured them coming home? Remember how we saw their many hands at work . . . the land turning green and fruitful . . . white houses rising on the ancient hills? How we saw the children growing up long-limbed and laughing, the glow of freedom in their eyes?

The 700,000 refugees we helped bring to Israel in four years had to come. Deadlines and danger dictated that they be saved, even though they came too fast for all to be absorbed at once.

Where do we—and they—go now? We must get on with the job.

Your gift to the United Jewish Appeal will help get the newcomers out of the tents, put them in homes on the land, give them tools and a chance to help themselves. It will help turn their great homecoming into the great home making.

So give today, through your local campaign. Give more than ever before.

In 1952 the United Jewish Appeal must:

STRENGTHEN Israel's economy and democratic way of life—by erecting 100 new agricultural settlements; developing 396 established colonies; creating and expanding 22,000 anti-austerity farms; building 21,000 housing units; carrying out vital irrigation projects.

BRING 120,000 Jews to Israel from danger zones in Eastern Europe and Arab lands.

CARE FOR 11,000 handicapped immigrants in Israel by expanding medical facilities.

EXTEND relief and rehabilitation aid to 250,000 distressed Jews overseas.

RESettle in the United States and other democracies 10,000 displaced Jews from Europe.

*A Campaign to Build and Save Lives—
to Aid Israel and Democracy*

After Dinner

a DRAM* of DRAMBUIE

The Cordial with the Scotch Whisky base

Made in Scotland since 1765—Drambuie for 90 minutes dry storage and exclusive botanicals!

*DRAM—A small drink. When the drink is Drambuie, a delicious after-dinner cordial.

TRY DRAMBUIE "ON THE ROCKS" —with twist of lemon peel if desired. It's a great discovery.

Reported by W. A. Taylor & Company
New York, N. Y.—Sole Distributors for the U. S. & Canada

cessful *On the Town*. The result, though pretty and tuneful, is not so opulent as the first, nor so inventive as the second.

The wordy hook about the era when the movies were learning to talk is a rather strenuous satire, without much warmth or wit. Kelly is a silent-film favorite who makes the transition to talkies with the help and kibitzing of sidekick Donald O'Connor. Jean Hagen is Kelly's beautiful-but-not-so-bright leading lady whose squeaky voice is not O.K. for sound. Debbie Reynolds, the girl hired to do Jean's behind-the-camera talking and singing, finally wins both public acclaim and Kelly.

The musical numbers, smoothly staged by Kelly and Stanley Donen, are built around such oldtime songs as *You Were Meant for Me*, *You Are My Lucky Star*, and the picture's title tune.* most of them by Producer-Lyricist Freed and Composer



KELLY & CHARISSE
Reunion in a Technicolor downpour.

Nacio Herb Brown. There is a delightful sequence in which Kelly dances down a puddle-filled street in a Technicolor downpour, and there are several gay take-offs on supercolossal Busby Berkeley grille routines. But the show's biggest song & dance number is far from the best: a flossy 15-minute ballet about the Roaring Twenties that makes up in size what it lacks in sparkle.

Sweet-faced Debbie Reynolds manages to keep up with Kelly's fast stepping, but it is sultry Cyd Charisse who brings some real dancing excitement to the film in the finale.

My Six Convicts (Stanley Kramer: Columbia), based on Psychologist Donald Powell Wilson's 1951 bestseller about his prison experiences, comes to the screen accenting the corn instead of the criminology. The book was a sprightly account

the pencil that lasts and lasts

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... writes 39,000 words in actual tests
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8¢ singly. Write for sample.

VENUS SUPER VELVET
with homogenized lead

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**TAKE
BAYER
ASPIRIN**

TO EASE

**NEURALGIC
PAIN**

FEEL BETTER FAST!



* From the 1938 M-G-M musical, *Hollywood Revue*.



YOUR MONEY GROWS...ON THE EVANEER TREE!

Of course, plywood isn't made quite this easily. It takes selective logging, accurate peeling, sound laminating, careful finishing and rigid adherence to highest standards to produce plywood of Evaneer quality. Yet, in a very real way, money does grow on this figurative Evaneer tree—money for you.

Here's why: The *plus values* we add to our own select Douglas Fir pay off on every type of construction project, small or large. Into an inherently light material we build extra strength, extra size, extra rigidity . . . a combination that saves costly man-hours on every plywood job.

Evaneer Douglas Fir plywood is but one instance of Evans' improvement on nature. Evans' research into wood technology has led to leadership in making battery separators, venetian blind lumber, tough industrial pallets, and precision *molded* plywood. If your product needs wood's strength, stiffness and light weight, Evans can help you. And if your needs include automotive or shelter heaters . . . damage-defying shipping equipment . . . or custom products manufactured to your own specifications—it will pay you to consult the team that works wonders with wood and metal: *Evans Products Company, Dept. A-34, General Offices: Plymouth, Michigan. Plants: Plymouth, Mich.; Coos Bay, Ore.; Vancouver, B. C.*

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ENGINEERS IDEAS INTO INDUSTRIES



AN ACTUAL CASE FROM THE FILES OF U.S.F.&G.



The Scraps of Paper that Cost \$90,000

A firm of noted design engineers discovered that pieces of paper could be particularly expensive when fire damaged their building.

They had protection on the building and had the foresight to insure their valuable papers. But they had underestimated possible loss and replacement cost. When the fire came, much of the work of a staff of highly paid employees was destroyed, the remainder badly damaged.

Total loss, based on the cost of original preparation of the work, approached \$100,000 . . . over and above the damage to the building. In a few days U.S.F.&G. paid the full amount of the Valuable Papers Policy then in force. Unfortunately, the firm was insured for only \$10,000.

In one night, fire had cost them some \$90,000. They now have substantially increased their Valuable Papers coverage with the U.S.F.&G.

* * *

Your local agent is constantly ready to serve you. Consult him as you would your doctor or lawyer. For the name of your nearest U.S.F.&G. agent, or for claim service in an emergency, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

U.S.F.&G.

CASUALTY
FIDELITY - SURETY
FIRE

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, Baltimore 3, Md.
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of a three-year research project into the relationship between drug addiction and criminality, which Wilson conducted at Leavenworth in the early '30s for the U.S. Public Health Service. It also told of the six convicts who assisted him—and who tested him as much as he tested them.

The picture is a fairly lively but less legitimate account of these not-so-legitimate characters. The prison backgrounds were realistically filmed at San Quentin, but the six convicts are now jailbirds of a more flamboyant feather. Among their activities, which have been broadly colored up for movie purposes: smuggling the wife of a fellow convict into prison in a crate marked "Highly Inflammable"; saving Psychologist Wilson (John Beal) from being used by a psychopathic killer as a jailbreak shield. To these extravagant exploits the picture adds others even more farfetched: the convicts operating a bookkeeping joint called the Psychosomatic Book-keeping Co. in the psychologist's office; Wilson quelling a near-prison riot single-handed.

For a film that is supposedly about criminal psychology, *My Six Convicts* strives a bit too hard to be something-for-everybody entertainment. Acting honors go to Gilbert Roland, the volatile gangster, and to Millard Mitchell, the laconic safe-cracker, who has his day of glory in Kansas City opening a jammed vault at the request of bank authorities.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Man in the White Suit. Top-grade British movie yarn spun out of whole cloth, with Alec Guinness in a tailor-made comedy role as the inventor of an indestructible, dirt-proof fabric (TIME, April 14).

Anything Can Happen. Folksy, affectionate film version of George and Helen Papashvily's 1944 bestseller about an immigrant from Russian Georgia (José Ferrer) who discovers America (TIME, April 14).

Encore. A new, expertly packaged trio of entertaining short stories by Somerset (Trio, Quartet) Maugham (TIME, April 7).

The Young and the Damned. A savage juvenile delinquency drama with a largely amateur cast, filmed in Mexico by Spain's Luis Buñuel (TIME, March 31).

The African Queen. A prissy old maid (Katharine Hepburn) and a gin-swilling skipper (Humphrey Bogart) triumph over jungle heat, hardship and the hangman's noose in John Huston's Technicolored version of C. S. Forester's adventure yarn (TIME, Feb. 24).

Rashomon. A powerful Japanese film about an ancient crime of passion, told with barbaric force (TIME, Jan. 7).

Miracle in Milan. A witty, warmhearted fantasy about the brotherhood of man, inventively directed by Italy's Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome in the costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made: with 30,000 extras, 63 lions, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).



Character-Building toys are made in plants heated with TRANE units.



Aggression is curbed by U.S. planes using TRANE-made equipment.

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for, and in vast housing projects for the shelter of workers, TRANE Convector help keep the air healthfully temperate.

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Housing for Americans is as essential as the weapons of defense. TRANE Convector and Hot Water Products help make modern housing better.

A free copy of "Choose Your Own Weather" can help you with worthwhile suggestions. Please write for it.

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Only STEEL can do so many



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jobs so well



TOWER ON A TUBE. The new Sky Harbor Airport in Phoenix, Arizona, has a unique control tower that rises 100 feet into the air. Perched atop a steel tube 9 feet in diameter, it permits efficient control of landing and take-off activity on all runways. The tower was built by U. S. Steel.



TO INSURE PRODUCTION of the enormous quantity of steel needed for security, the American steel industry is bending every effort. United States Steel alone has already spent more than a billion dollars in the past five years to expand and modernize its steel-making facilities . . . and is now engaged on a still greater program of expansion.



COW COMFORT. That's what a farm building like this provides. Cows can wander in and out at leisure, take shelter from rain and snow. In winter, bedding is added to provide still more comfort. It's a steel building, of course . . . fabricated of U.S.S. Steel and erected in jig time. A structure of this kind reduces labor costs and requires little or no maintenance.



ROOMS . . . FURNISHED. And well furnished, too. Many hospitals today are using all-steel furniture in the rooms they provide patients . . . not only because steel furniture is very attractive in appearance, but also because it resists wear better, defies fire, and is exceptionally easy to keep clean. Note: mattresses with steel innersprings complete the patient's comfort.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL
Of the 48 states, 31 have iron and steel facilities. Among these, 27 states produce ingots, 28 make hot-rolled iron and steel products, 18 have blast furnaces, and 4, which have no steel-making facilities, make pipe or wire from semi-finished products.



This trade-mark is your guide
to quality steel

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OIL WELL SUPPLY..TENNESSEE COAL & IRON..UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS..UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY..Division of UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, PITTSBURGH
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. - UNION SUPPLY COMPANY - UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY - UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

BOOKS

Cândido & the Capitalists

THE REBELLION OF THE HANGED [377 pp.]—B. Traven—Knopf (\$3.50).

"Who is B. Traven?" has been one of the tantalizing literary puzzles of the last decade. Even students dedicated to unraveling the symbolism of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* will lift their noses and loose an excited bay if Traven's name is drawn across the conversation. And if, as now seems pretty certain (TIME, Aug. 16, 1948), B. Traven is the pen name of Chincgo-horn Berick Traven Torsvan Torsvan, 58, a shy recluse who has lived in Mexico since 1913 and runs a restaurant near Acapulco. Traven is at last in the same position as any other novelist; his fame must depend on the qualities that show up in his work, not on the personal identity that remains in hiding.

From the literary viewpoint, B. Traven can be identified with no trouble at all. In his novels, e.g., *The Death Ship* (1934), *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (1935) and *The Bridge in the Jungle* (1938), he has written like a man with a bug in his ear—and the bug's favorite theme is the bad old days of predatory landowners and conscienceless capitalists. Any writer who follows this theme strictly is almost bound to fill his pages with the typed, dusty characters of proletarian fiction—Mr. Moneybags the Magnate, Mr. Whip the Overseer, Mr. Steel the Informer, Mr. Dawn the Red, Miss Cominform the Workers' Belle.

Variations on a Theme. If Traven had run perfectly true to this type, his place in literature would be so low that no one would bother for a moment about his identity. He has excited interest precisely because he has played such impressive variations on his class-struggle theme. In *The Death Ship* (probably his best novel), his seascapes of enslaved stokers struggling to keep a leaking tub afloat was drawn so well that it inflamed the reader's heart regardless of his politics. Similarly, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* sounded the rousing bell note of treasure-hunting, and the reader might take or leave Traven's views on the effect of gold on human nature.

Traven gets his best effects by using a prose of such naturalness that it gives an immediate illusion of truth-to-life. Much of what he has to say is bitter to the point of savagery; and he is capable of heightening this grimness still further by laying on strokes of humor that seem to come from the bill of a grizzly bear. Only at his worst does he ever sound like a doctrinaire hack.

The latest Traven novel to be published in the U.S., *The Rebellion of the Hanged*, shows both the best and the worst side of his manner. His story, set in Mexico some time before the revolution of 1910, tells how the peons used to be duped into almost lifelong servitude on the big estates and timber properties. Like a man telling an enthralling tale to chil-



B. TRAVEN
With a bug in his ear.

dren, Traven describes the plain peasant, Cândido, going off to the mahogany forest to join the slave-labor gang. As a feeble doctor has let his wife die, Cândido has to take his two little sons along; also with him are his devoted sister and three sucking pigs which, whatever their symbolic significance may be, are the most likable piglets in contemporary literature.

The mahogany capitalists and their overseers have only one aim: to make each slave fell four tons of timber a day. They have found that flogging with a bull whip has a poor effect on physique, so instead, they "hang" the workers when necessary,



i.e., leave them suspended from a tree by ropes, where red ants, ticks, chiggers and mosquitoes can live them up. Hanging is done at night so as to add to the physical anguish "the unspeakable, inexplicable horror . . . that the Indian feels of phantoms and specters."

John Brown Heat. By mid-novel, Traven has piled atrocity upon atrocity, and the doctrinaire is in full command. The villainous capitalist is playing the old game of raping Cândido's sister. He is also happily chopping off the ears of Cândido and one of his little sons. As for the workers, they are beginning to make such set speeches as: "Over the whole country the fire is spreading, the first flames are rising everywhere . . . Down with the dictator!"

Finally, like a man departing suddenly into a dream, Traven forgets all about his principal characters, including even the invaluable piglets, and turns his novel into a featureless mass drama which he can neither inspire nor bring to a conclusion. His *Rebellion* winds up as third-rate *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with the debilitating difference that the slavery Traven writes about with John Brown heat has already been abolished.

Pathetic Giant

NIKOLAI GOGOL [174 pp.]—Janko Lavrin—Macmillan (\$2.50).

Nikolai Gogol was obsessed by the image of a ladder. "God," he wrote in one of his earliest stories, "has a ladder reaching from heaven right down to earth. The holy archangels put it up . . . and as soon as God steps on the first rung of it, all the evil spirits fall headlong and sink in heaps down to hell." Gogol spent 33 years reaching, as he believed, the bottom rung. Worn out, he heard God's angry foot above, and slid back into the pit of madness. Yet in the years of reaching he had done as much as any man to lay out the pattern of the Russian novel, and had written the comic masterpiece *Dead Souls*.

Gogol died 100 years ago last month, and for the occasion Janko Lavrin, professor of Slavic languages at Nottingham University, has told the story of the pathetic giant in a capable, straightforward short biography.

The Sly Ukrainian. Gogol was a sickly child with "pus oozing from his ears." His mother, a woefully superstitious and self-deluded Ukrainian girl, pampered and played with him like a doll, working on his sensitive feelings with love and terror until the boy was a nervous wreck. In self-defense, he developed an outrageous egotism. At school he spent his time dreaming of future greatness, mimicking his classmates with the cruel comic talent which was his genius, but consciously preparing himself to be "a benefactor to humanity."

Humanity was not quite ready when, at 19, Gogol went to St. Petersburg. It wouldn't even give him a job and scoffed mercilessly at his first writings. Shaken, the young scamp cheered himself up by touring Germany on 1,450 rubles embez-



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zled from his family. At 22, after some time spent as tutor to a highborn halfwit, Gogol published a book of stories about the Ukraine. *Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka* made him a celebrity overnight. The famous critic, Vissarion Belinsky, compared the rural magic of Gogol's tales to that of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Pushkin himself called them "new in our literature . . . delightful."

Gogol's ego became even more swollen. He took to motley waistcoats, kiss-curls and a fashionable hypochondria. He wrote crawling letters to celebrities. To the Poet Zhukovsky: "Oh, with what enthusiasm I would then wipe the dust off your shoes with the hair of my head, would lie down at the feet of Your Excellency and catch with my greedy ear the sweet nectar from your mouth."

After *Mirgorod*, another volume of Ukrainian stories, Gogol was received everywhere as a writer second only to Pushkin. The great poet called him friend, at least to his face; in private, Pushkin referred to him as "that sly Ukrainian, capable of robbing you before you have time to cry for help."

Robbing Pushkin of literary ideas became a major occupation with Gogol. He got the idea for *The Inspector General*, his first play and the greatest of Russian satirical comedies, from his friend. The play was such a huge success that Gogol found it advisable to leave Russia—the official world was alarmed at the anti-bureaucrat passions aroused in the audiences.

Dealer in Dead Souls. For twelve years Gogol traveled restlessly about the Continent, from Germany to France, to Italy, to Switzerland, to France again, and always back to Rome—his favorite city. ("Europe exists in order to watch," he said, "and Italy in order to live.") All the while, Gogol worked at his novel, *Dead Souls*, also based on one of Pushkin's ideas. In 1842 it was published and, as the Journalist-Historian Alexander Herzen records, "shook the whole of Russia."

The story concerns one Chichikov, a dismissed civil servant, who travels around Russia buying up the names of "dead souls"—serfs who have died since the last census. Once he has accumulated a large enough roster of these imaginary people, Chichikov intends to raise a huge mortgage on them, invest the money somehow or other and make himself a rich man. It is at once an uproariously funny story and a sulphuric satire on Russian society. Gogol was able to sound the deepest and most secret of men's motives as surehandedly as a peasant pawing up his potato crop.

Yet for all he knew about other people, Gogol knew nothing about himself. After the tremendous success of *Dead Souls*, he had a vision of "Russia . . . turning upon me eyes full of expectation." He felt a sudden strength, and a longing to "climb that ladder." In his exultation he began to wonder if his "great task" was not, after all, to save his generation. He took up a sequel to *Dead Souls*, in which he sought

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to illumine good as in the first volume he had exposed evil. His feet had left the ground; he could not push the work to completion.

Bellows & Fire. Next, he put his thought into a religious and social tract, a book which he assured his friends was "needed by all." When it was published, a pious and disjointed tirade, his friends turned on him with angry reproaches. Gogol, whose bravado was the thinnest garment of self-loathing, broke and pitifully begged forgiveness. "One drop of your pity," was all he asked. Few gave it. Gogol lost his grip on the ladder.

He fell into the ministry of a fanatical Orthodox priest, Father Konstantinovsky, who called him a "swine" and piled the bellows to Gogol's visions of hell fire. Poor Gogol was always chilly now, a twisted little man with a long fox nose, big close-set eyes, a loose little mouth full of bad teeth. For two years before his death, he was often without the power of connected thought. One day he burned most of the manuscript of Part II of *Dead Souls*. Then he refused to eat. On March 4, 1852, at the age of 43, he died of exhaustion, gasping, "Give me a ladder, a ladder!"

Down South in Maine

A LAMP FOR NIGHTFALL (211 pp.)—Erskine Caldwell—Duell, Sloan & Pearce—Little, Brown [\$3].

One thing about Novelist Erskine Caldwell: he plays no regional favorites. He sniffs out fictional meanness and degeneracy with the zest of a Berkshire in a barnyard, and he imagines them as readily in staid old New England as he does in the meaner stretches of Georgia. Actually the region doesn't matter. By now, Caldwell's characters are not so much recognizable people as mass-produced toys which squeak set speeches and make appropriate gestures when wound up. In *Episode in Palmetto* (1950) he blessedly called a halt to the "cyclorama of Southern life" that got its start with *Tobacco Road*. But the halt was only temporary.

Now, in *A Lamp for Nightfall*, he unlimbers the old routine in a Maine setting. This time it is the old Yankee stock that is going to pot, steadily losing ground to the more vital "Cannicks" and "square-heads." Take the Emerson family. Author Caldwell's prime exhibit: Thede Emerson, richest man in Clearwater, has \$200,000 in the bank, but will he let his son Howard go off to college in Boston? No, he keeps him at home doing chores so he won't have to get a hired man. Thede hates the French Canadians, but he is letting his daughter Jean marry one because he figures no "petered-out American" has the gumption to support her. He knows that his wife Rosa is regularly making love to a younger man out in the woods, but he puts up with it as long as she does the housework.

And that isn't all. Brother Howard has a hankering for his sister Jean, and feels desperate because she is getting married. As for Jean, she feels so strongly drawn to brother Howard that it is all she can



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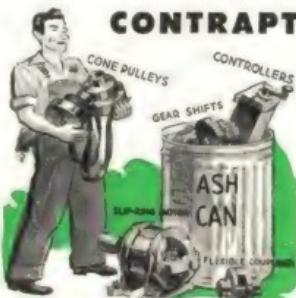
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do to keep away from him. With Jean married at last and with nothing to look forward to but chores, Howard does the natural thing: he commits suicide with his father's shotgun. When old Thede finds him, he lets Howard have another shell in the chest for good luck. Wife Rose walks out on Thede, and when last seen, he is holed up alone in his kitchen in dead of winter, lighting a lamp for the window to show the world that the Clearwater Emersons are still kicking.

This tasteless yarn may well be the beginning of a new "cyclorama," though Author Caldwell admits that he sometimes stares at his typewriter for three days without being able to write a word. The words he has already written have made him one of the world's bestselling authors in reprint (more than 28 million copies) and one of Soviet Russia's favorite U.S. writers.



Brian Seed

H. E. BATES
Comes the revelation.

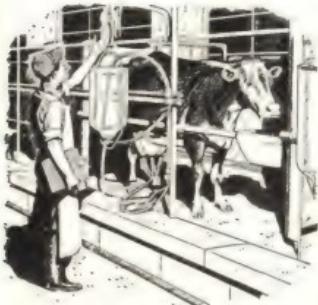
The Human Usual

COLONEL JULIAN (240 pp.)—H. E. Bates
—Little, Brown (\$3).

Author H. E. (for Herbert Ernest) Bates, 48, is an Englishman who persists in writing short stories even though, as he sadly admits, British rates of pay are "pitiful." There are at least two reasons for Bates's persistence: 1) he writes some of the best short stories of any Englishman of his generation, and 2) whenever he turns out a novel, e.g., *The Scarlet Sword, Fair Stood the Wind for France*, the critics usually deplore them. In *Colonel Julian*, a collection of 15 stories about fairly ordinary men & women, Author Bates is back at his proper underpaid trade.

In his quiet way, Bates writes about appearance and reality. His characters wear masks of habit that fool even themselves. Then something happens, and the revelation comes. A hard-bitten nurse,

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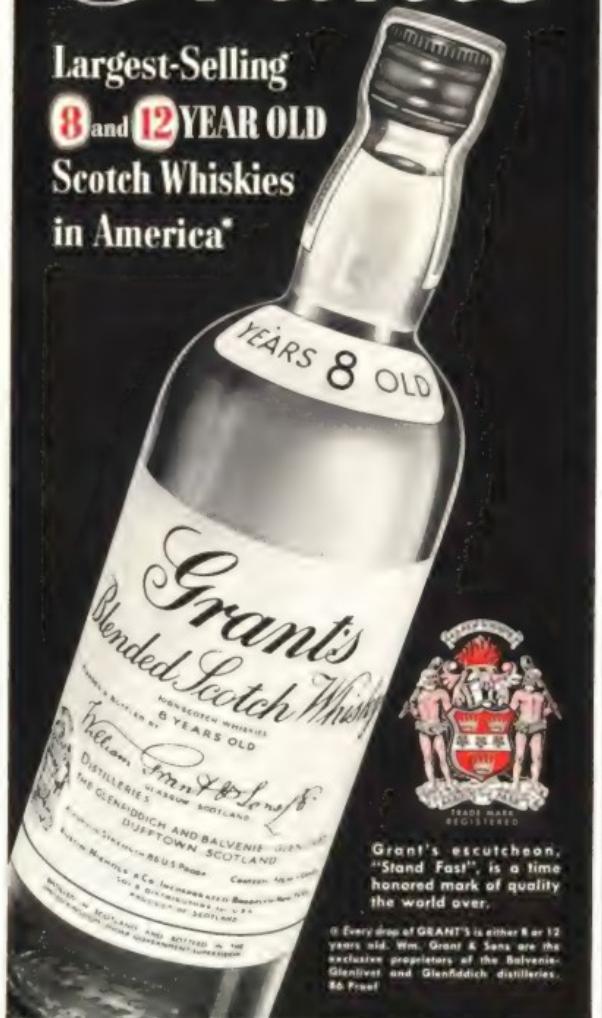


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busy convoying wounded soldiers, discovers even to her own surprise that she has a warm heart. A young wife, ground down by a pompous and much older husband, gets a clutch on herself—and evens the balance by smashing his false teeth. The title story examines a group of R.A.F. pilots through the critical eyes of an old army officer, who gradually learns that beneath their abruptness and indifference lies courage at least as fine as his own.

Some of the best stories take a pathetic turn. In *A Girl Called Peter*, a farm girl discovers herself for the awkward thing she is. *No More The Nightingales* tells of the seduction of a rich woman by a confident farm hand who treats her "as if she were a tame hen that . . . could not possibly fly." But every few stories Bates varies his tone. Two comic sketches concern Uncle Silas, a village Falstaff, given to "beery winks from a bloodshot eye that was like a fire in a field of poppies." Reminiscing about his youth, when women were "allus arter you," Uncle Silas tells the story of a landlady with a passion for making puddings. One day, chance dropped her in his lap, and "arter that I wur never in want for the nicest bit o' pudden in the world."

Whatever their mood, most of Bates' stories are swept and refreshed by the winds of the English countryside. In this traditional landscape move people who are neither heroic nor eccentric: Bates is one of those writers whose talent, and it is a fine one, lies in the human usual.

RECENT & READABLE

Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison. A rousing good first novel about the growing up of a Negro boy (TIME, April 14).

The Second Face, by Marcel Aymé. One of the best ironists in the business tells what happens when a solemn, rather dutiful Frenchman gets a handsome new face (TIME, April 14).

Rotting Hill, by Wyndham Lewis. Nine corrosive stories about mid-century Britain (TIME, April 14).

Rome and a Villa, by Eleanor Clark. A more than skin-deep collection of sights, sounds and impressions by an American traveler (TIME, April 14).

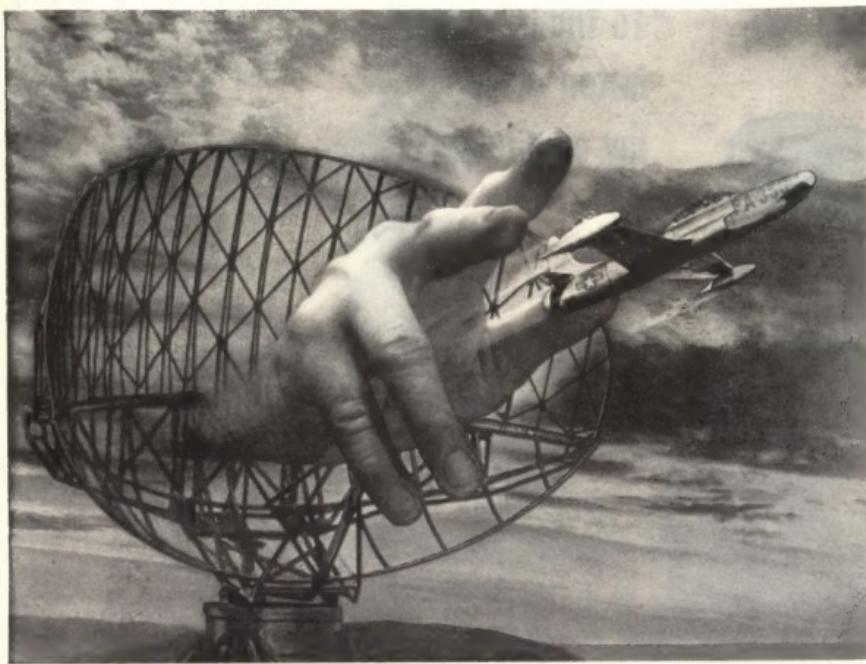
The Struggle for Europe, by Chester Wilmot. An exceptionally well-written history of the war in Europe by an Australian provocatively critical of U.S. generalship and diplomacy (TIME, March 31).

Look Down in Mercy, by Walter Baxter. A tough-grained first novel about the collapse of a British army captain in Burma (TIME, March 17).

Adventures in Two Worlds, by A. J. Cronin. Autobiographical tales by a physician who became a bestselling novelist (TIME, Feb. 25).

Grand Right and Left, by Louis Kronenberger. A deftly witty farce about the richest man in the world and his compulsions as a collector (TIME, Feb. 25).

The Duke of Gallodoro, by Aubrey Menen. Light sardonicities about a reprobate Englishman in his sleepy Italian town and the Mediterranean way of life (TIME, Feb. 18).



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MISCELLANY

Cleanup. In Manhattan, Manicurist Stella Kahn found \$200 in a gutter while crossing Fifth Avenue, next day nearly sat on \$655 in the back seat of a taxi, complained to police: "People should take better care of their things."

As You Were. In Los Angeles, Selma Fini, charging that her husband nagged her when she refused to drink with him, got a divorce and resumed her maiden name: Selma Mary Sober.

Total Loss. In St. Joseph, Mo., Frank Martin carefully tethered his 80-pound coonhound watchdog to a young elm tree outside his house, went to work, returned to find that the dog had been stolen and the elm as well.

Researcher. In Rome, Vittorio Fedelis eagerly assured the court that he had looted 16 Roman apartments "simply to try out my invention of a new kind of master key."

Professional League. In Milwaukee, after winning first prize at the Knights of the Round Table Club's liar contest, J. Arthur Butler suddenly noticed by his watch that it was late, asked nervously: "What will I tell my wife?"

Gourmet. In Salem, Mass., Mrs. Elizabeth S. Norris asked for a divorce after testifying that her husband tasted a ham casserole she had cooked, then punched and kicked her because it was "too salty."

Begin at Home. In St. Louis, five employees of the Humane Society of Missouri went on strike for "humane working conditions."

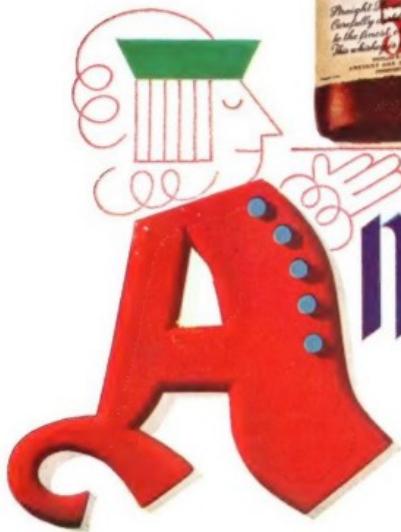
The Secret. In Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Ruth R. Peters, winner of a prize for driving 117,671 accident-free miles in eleven years, finally explained: "I drive as if everybody has the right-of-way except me."

Aid to Memory. In Fort Worth, over the desk of Sheriff Sully Montgomery, recently indicted for income-tax evasion, hangs a carefully lettered motto: "Always tell the truth and you won't have to remember what you said."

Muscle Isn't Everything. In Louisville, Safety Director James E. Thornberry discontinued chinups, push-ups and other exercises for police-force applicants, explained: "They cost us a lot of good men."

One Solution. In Manhattan, emergency equipment, a bomb squad and police rushed to a subway station when an exasperated passenger who had waited 30 minutes for a train telephoned the Board of Transportation to say: "I guess the only thing to do is get a stick of dynamite and blow the place up."

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'Preacher' Roe (22-3 in 1951) and Dodgers—Carl Furillo, Clem Labine, Clyde King and Billy Cox—are Camel smokers. "We agree on Camels," says Roe. "Camels taste great and they're really mild!"



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